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Selections.

THE ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

BY HOBART BERRIAN.

Great reformations, either in politics or morals, are always slow in their progress, and often very imperfect in their development. Habits of thought are exceedingly difficult to change, and when changed, remain for a long time crude and defective. Revolutions in a manner are frequent; but revolutions in sentiment or opinion, "few and far between." The earliest, and perhaps the best change in morals, on record, is that of the prostration of the ancient Jewish regime, and the establishment of the code of Jesus, which, in my estimation, embraces a greater amount of practical good than any other living or dead code. I allude to this change simply in a moral sense, apart from all the drapery of religious association, and all the beauties as well as deformities with which the enthusiastic imagination of man has clothed it. No revolution ever occurred more radical in its character, as well as practical in its effects, than that of the overthrow of the Mosaic dispensation. Prejudices grown gray with years, and feelings as old as creation, were wholly eradicated; laws framed through the agency of miracles, and statutes dating with the most ancient of the patriarchs, were annulled and abrogated;—scarce a shadow of the moral law was permitted to survive, and scarce a remnant of its fatal sanctity suffered to remain. Perhaps the most prominent feature of this mighty change, was the abolition of the principle of personal revenge, or, as it is technically called, the "law of retaliation." With the Jews, this law was as sacred as the commandments. Its substitute was a principle founded on long-suffering and mercy, on a reciprocity of kindnesses, an interchange of benevolent acts, sympathies beating with sympathies, feelings chiming with feelings, or, in the eloquence of scripture, "rejoicing with those that rejoice, and weeping with those that weep." It is difficult to appreciate the obstacles which stand in the way of the abrogation of laws so opposite, especially where the change demands so great a sacrifice of prejudice and bigotry.

The abolition of punishment by death, would, no doubt, shock a respectable portion of the good and estimable of our own citizens, as much as the revolutionary doctrines of Jesus shocked the devout followers of Moses—yet, strange to relate, we have no record of a more ancient and consecrated law. It comes to us through venerated names, and pleasing remembrances, recommended by the wise, and urged by the good; it pleads through the arguments of philanthropy and religion, and in fact dates its birth from the preaching of the Saviour—it constitutes a portion of that revolution in morals, which took place at His advent, and which to this day gives zeal and vitality to modern civilization, softening the feelings and tendering the heart. It is a doctrine of humanity and religion, and, consequently, claims the attention of the humane as well as the pious. Its foundations are in equity as well as faith, and of necessity demands the thoughtful investigation of lovers of their species as well as lovers of God. "Whatever is humane is wise, whatever is wise is just, and whatever is wise, just, and humane, will be found to be the true interests of states, whether criminals or foreign enemies are the objects of legislation." Capital punishment is not humane, simply for the reason that it involves a cruel and heartless sacrifice of life, on the mere naked principles of legal or social revenge; it is not just, because it has been clearly proved not only to be useless, but also demoralizing; it is not wise, because it does not embrace the ends of criminal justice, but rather increases the ratio of crime, and renders doubly vulnerable the quiet and safety of society. In a religious point of view, its evils are greatly magnified, for how many convicts tread the gallows, lifted above their fears and sorrows by the expectation and desire of heaven? The quiet of the prison cell is more frequently broken by the blasphemous exclamation, or the despairing curse, than by the pious ejaculation, or the devotional sigh; the period that elapses between the sentence of the judge and the act of the hangman, is comparatively but a moment—and what a moment, filled with fearful thoughts, and "chimeras dire;" hurried as the victim is from sin to judgment, what place can be found for repentance, what room for tears?

I am indebted to Mr. O'Sullivan for the following brief classification of the arrangements so conclusively urged against the continuation of punishment by death. Nowhere can be found so great an array of convincing arguments, and nowhere logic so plausible and sound.

The punishment of death is neither enjoined nor sanctioned by the gospel of the Saviour—it is irreconcilably inconsistent with our professed belief in a future eternity, and judgment for crimes done in the body. The right of society to inflict this species of punishment is at best extremely doubtful;—it is also useless, for it does not prevent the repetition of crime. It is also, the fruitful source of infinite horrors, barbarities, and crimes committed by man against his fellow man; it involves a principle most dangerous in its application, and most carefully to be watched and guarded against. It has no effect on the malefactor, for a large proportion of criminals are comparatively indifferent to the penalty.—It is less efficient in reducing the criminal rolls than is hopeless imprisonment.

The punishment of death also shocks, deranges, and weakens our natural instinctive repugnance to the cold and willful shedding of human blood; it brutalizes the character, renders the nature savage, and deadens the distinctions between right and wrong. It is the parent of many a dark, many an open and reckless murder, many a secret assassination and many a suicide. It is also a fact, that so long as capital punishment exists, so long will large numbers of persons be executed who are confirmed lunatics; who are of course wholly irresponsible and innocent, and fit only for the walls of our insane asylums. Many also die who are perfectly innocent of the crimes for which they have suffered, as subsequent revelations often prove; thus increasing the number of the guilty, and sacrificing the just.

Capital punishment had its origin in barbarism, in the evil passions of man's heart. It sprung, Mr. O'Sullivan might have added, from a code revealed through smoke and fire to a rude and headstrong race, a code like that of Draco, baptized in blood and suffering.

It may not be inappropriate, in connection with the above facts, to quote the opinions of some of the more eminent statesmen and jurists on this important but much neglected subject. "To shed the blood of our fellow men," says Blackstone, "is a matter that requires the greatest deliberation, and the fullest conviction of our own authority; for life is the immediate gift of God to man, which neither he can resign, nor can it be taken from him unless by the commandment of Him who gave it, either expressly revealed or collected from the laws of nature or society, by clear and indisputable demonstrations."

"The punishment of death," says an able report by Sepelleties, of the National Assembly of France, in 1791, "while it produced a great injury to the public morals, has no influence to arrest crime." It is a violent remedy, which, without curing the disease, corrupts and enervates the system of the body politic. Nothing is less repressive in its tendency than the simple fear of death. Nature, it is true, has planted in the breast of man the desire of preserving his own existence; but side by side with that instinct is found the certainty that he must one day die. The conscious necessity familiarizes him with the idea; he accustoms himself to contemplate without any great effort the moment when he will cease to live. Prejudice, vice, crime itself, have often this same element in common with virtue, contempt of death; every nation, every cast, every profession, every individual is susceptible of this sentiment. Among Indians, the power of opinions; among the Mussulmen, religion; among the English, a cool calculation; among other nations, the principles of false honor, make men brave a certain death, or make them boldly brave the danger of a possible one.

"It has been said," remarks Mr Rantoul, of the legislature of Massachusetts, "but it is the language of unreflecting levity, that the criminal convicted of a capital offense under our laws, is generally depraved and worthless, and that therefore, the sacrifice of a few such lives is of very little value to the State or society." Even if these laws might be repealed without injury, it is impossible that any one can entertain so inhuman a sentiment. Felons, however fallen, still are men, and have a better title to commiseration, the more deeply they are sunk in guilt. "If these wretches were princes," says Goldsmith, "there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry;" but the heart that is bruised in a dungeon, is as precious as that seated on a throne.—Suppose that one only may be caught up from the gulf of vice, misery and perdition, and restored to repentance, virtue, and usefulness; this would be gain enough to reward all the exertions that may be made to effect the reform, for there is upon earth no gem so precious as the human soul.

"Half the odium and horror," remarks the celebrated Mr. Livingston, "of taking human life is lost, by the example of seeing it made a public duty, while the motives are sanctified, which are but too apt to justify it in the mind of an irritated individual, who magnifies the injury he has received, overlooks the provocation he gave, and thinks himself excusable in doing, to satisfy his passions, that which public justice does from the same motive, revenge. The sensation of horror with which we see a human being suffering a violent death, would certainly be increased, if the hand of justice was never employed in the unholy work; and private vengeance would be checked by the laws when they no longer encourage it by their example.

"I venture to assert," says Duport, of the National Assembly, "that the punishment of death, even were it a useful one, can never compensate for the infinite evil it causes in its general moral injury to the character of all men."

It would trespass too much on the time of your readers for me, at present, to swell these extracts. The opinions of authors already quoted, seem all to tend one way—to the abolishment of capital punishment—a reform of vast importance to the true interests and prosperity of our republican nation, and moreover, vital to the perfect civilization of the world of Christendom.

It has recently been stated, that an effort is about to be made in our national legislature to agitate this subject. So laudable an undertaking will add very much to the reputation of the friend of humanity, who, unpopular as the reform is, possesses the moral courage to bring it on the tapis. The utility of a move such as this cannot fail to be great: it will bring the merits of the subject boldly before the people, and enable them correctly to appreciate its importance. If the advocates of the rights of man, the party that professes to oppose special privileges, be not friendly to the project, then we shall indeed despair of its success for a long period to come. To the old democratic party, however, we must look for every species of reform; to that party which bows not to the golden calf of "Ashland," nor cheers the descendant of the Norman bastards, under the wave of American banners.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 26, 1842.

FUGITIVES FROM INJUSTICE.

The British Anti-Slavery Reporter contains the following letter from Charles Stuart, on the clause of Lord Ashburton's Treaty relating to the fugitives from justice:

REDRUTH, October 5th, 1842.

My Dear Friend,—The tenth article of Lord Ashburton's treaty, appears more and more horrible to me, as repeated considerations seem to develop its character. My reasons are as follows:

In all slave States of the United States, and in one at least of the free, (Ohio,) the colored, whether enslaved or free, have no evidence in law.—When accused, therefore, no evidence except that of free, white persons can be legally received in their favor; but whenever the contest is with free white persons, you see at once, how hopeless to them, generally speaking, such a defense must be. Was Lord Ashburton aware of this? Or is there one amongst us, who, excluded entirely from those of his own class, could be content to repose the question of his honor, his liberty, or his life, upon the testimony and judgment of his deliberate and exasperated enemies.

Now, suppose a free colored subject of the United States is reclaimed from our government with the legal affidavits, as a fugitive criminal. By the treaty, as I read it, we are bound to give him up; but to what do we give him up? To a fair trial? This must have been Lord Ashburton's idea. To a fair trial? Possibly; but certainly not once in a hundred times. To a fair trial? No; but to the power of a law system which has already deprived him of almost all possibility of proving his innocence, if innocent; and which leaves his acquittal or condemnation to a judiciary, outrageously at war with his safety, his honor, and his happiness. The ninety-nine probabilities out of a hundred are, that he will be judged with fearfully partial severity.—Yet, if he belong to the free States, there is still a mitigation—a sacred mitigation in his case. After undergoing the awarded punishment, he will be free—he will be restored to his manhood. But shall he belong to the slave States, his crimes, by the laws of the State in question, may direct or sanction his being sold into slavery, either immediately, or after he has undergone some other dreadful penalty.

I am not willing to believe that Lord Ashburton contemplated this; nor, as long as it is possible to doubt, will I believe that our government will sanction the article in question, without expressly and effectually providing against such results.

But a still worse evil is involved in the treaty.—The slave, whoever he is, wherever he comes from, as soon as he touches British ground, is free. Glorious feature of our country! Well, a slave from Arkansas, we will say, escapes to Canada, and from the moment he arrives there is a free man.—British law, in this particular, executing the divine, restores to him his inherent manhood, and the Ægis of British power is nobly spread over him. But he is accused of theft, and the United States government, supplying the legal certificates, reclaims him for trial—Lord Ashburton doubtless presumed, for a fair trial by his peers. By his peers! Alas! he has none, but the cattle which graze his master's field, or the furniture which adorns his master's habitation! For a fair trial! What! a fair trial with no evidence admissable by law in his favor, except the evidence of exasperated enemies! What! a fair trial of a runaway slave by indignant slave-masters! And, after all, when he has been tried for theft, when, of course, he has been found guilty, and when he has undergone the worst rigors of the law—what, ah! what becomes of him if he survives?—Will his liberty, which God had restored to him by British instrumentality, be given back by the slaveholder, exulting in the recovery of the runaway slave, and in the fearful example which he has made him to his fellows against similar transgressions of slave laws? Will he be at liberty to return, openly and without impediment, to Canada? Alas! he is in Arkansas—he is in the fangs of his tyrants; he was long ago legislated by them into a thing, and all his fair claims to equal manhood have of old been spurned with infinite indignation. And how could the coward pride and the tyrant selfishness of the slave-system quail and writhe in every nerve at the departing glories of slavery, should a slave's claim to the common and inalienable manhood with which God has endowed every man, and to its fair and equal rights, be thus publicly acknowleged!

Lord Ashburton meant, I presume, that criminals on both sides should be equitably restored, in a friendly manner, to fair trial and judgment; and so far, every honest mind will applaud him.

Nelson Hackett's case affords a fine opportunity of testing the question. If the Americans be honest in the treaty, they will scrupulously restore him to Canada, should he survive, after undergoing the punishment they may award him for theft; and how would my soul exult with thanksgiving should they do so! But, if he perish, or, if they retain him in slavery, and we be consenting to it, how criminal, debased, and dastardly will be our posture—how daringly shall we begin to violate the divine commandments, Deut. xxiii. 15, 16, and James v. 1—4, &c. My heart's prayer is, that the Sovereign Mercy which so long spared us amidst all the abominations of our own recent slave system, and which so graciously led us out of it in peace, may here again preserve us, nor suffer us to make ourselves kidnappers of freemen—for let us always remember that, once on British ground, the slave is restored to his liberty by British laws, as he always was entitled to it by divine—nor suffer us, I say, to make ourselves kidnappers of freemen, out of regard to a supremely hypocritical power, the tyrant republic, which will be the first to detect our shallowness and to despise our pusillanimity, whilst it boasts of our brotherhood in corruption, and superciliously smiles upon our tame subserviency to its idol guilt.

CHARLES STUART.

VIRGINIA AND NEW-YORK.

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Assembly of the State of New-York:

The memorial of the undersigned, masters and owners of vessels trading to, or stopping at, ports in the State of Virginia.

Whereas an act was passed by the State of Virginia, on the 13th of March, 1841, entitled "An act to prevent the citizens of New-York from carrying slaves out of this commonwealth, and to prevent the escape of persons charged with the commission of any crime;"

And whereas it is enacted by the said act, "that it shall not be lawful for any vessel, of any size or description, owned in whole or in part, or commanded or navigated by any citizen or resident of the State of New-York, or any such vessel owned in the whole or in part, or commanded or navigated by any other person, than an actual inhabitant and resident of this commonwealth, and departing from any port in this State, for any port in the State of New-York, to depart from this commonwealth, or out of any bay, river, creek, or other water-course of this State, until said vessel has undergone the inspection provided in this act, and until the other provisions hereof shall have been complied with. Provided that nothing herein contained shall apply to any foreign or national vessel;"

And whereas, in and by said act, every New-York vessel trading to, or touching on the coast of Virginia, or in any inlet, creek, or other water-course in that State, is liable to detention and vexation, besides the exaction of an inspection fee of ten dollars, which, for mere coasting craft that run down for cargoes of grain or tobacco, is quite a tax to be paid every voyage;

Your memorialists, therefore, respectfully represent, that the annoyances and damages continually inflicted on our commerce by the enforcement and operation of the law of Virginia, are ostensibly in retaliation of the refusal, by Governor Seward, to surrender to that State three citizens of this, charged with aiding the escape of a slave from Virginia, in 1838.

We do not now propose to argue the original case: to uphold or condemn Governor Seward; we only insist that something must be done.

By the mischievous operations of this law, a New-York captain is never done paying. He pays his fee in one county, pursues his voyage to the next, and is then hauled up by another inspector for a fresh payment; and this may be repeated, for aught we can see, a dozen times, if compelled to touch at so many points for his load; and when he has paid one inspector, another in the same county steps up and insists upon being paid also. These impositions are very common under this odious and unconstitutional law, and a case of the kind has been officially noticed very recently by one of the inspectors under the law, who has generously stated the case as follows:

"STATE OF VIRGINIA, Matthews county, ss.—I, Edmund Jones, sheriff and inspector of Black Water river, do hereby certify, that Captain Isaac Homan, of the schooner Mail, hailing from New-York, has paid me the inspection fee of ten dollars, agreeably to the provisions of a law of said State, passed 13th March, 1841, entitled 'An act to prevent the citizens of New-York from carrying slaves out of this commonwealth, and to prevent the escape of persons charged with the commission of any crime.' Given under my hand, this 4th day of December, 1842.

(Signed) EDMUND JONES,
Sheriff and Inspector."

"I hereby certify that Alexander James, assuming to himself the office of inspector of Black Water river, for which he has no authority, with some eight or ten men, armed with muskets and hand guns, after cutting some of the rigging of the schooner Mail, wrested from the captain, Isaac Homan, the papers of said vessel, which I held under proper authority of the law as I conceived, which papers he now withholds from him. To prevent further violence and injury, I delivered the captain the papers, and advised him to hand them over to said James, after making affidavit before a justice, which seemed to be the only mode left him to be released from the self-styled officer James. There was only one other mode offered, namely, for him, with two securities, to execute a bond at Matthews court-house, about eight miles off.

"The crew of said vessel were unarmed, and I saw no resistance on their part, nor did I hear any alledged against them. They were much annoyed and inconvenienced by the armed men in the night, the captain being then lodged in a room of my house.

"Given under my hand the 4th December, 1842.
EDMUND JONES."

By the foregoing certificate, it appears that New-York vessels are not only subjected to these legal impositions, but also that they are assailed by bands of desperadoes, collected under some daring leader, like the fellow James, above mentioned, and piratically treated in the waters of an American State, and by fellow-citizens of the same common country.

A more daring outrage than the one above recorded, occurred on the 7th day of July last to Captain Edmund Hammond, of the schooner Banner, and Captain Jones, of the schooner Arrival, the whole particulars of which were detailed in an affidavit published on the 25th of the same month, in the Journal of Commerce, and on the following day in the Sun; to which your memorialists respectfully refer.

Such outrages as these, your memorialists respectfully submit are not to be borne with impunity by any portion of the citizens of the republic. They are aggressions on the rights of freemen of a common country, which no portion of that country has a right to perpetrate on any other portion. It is, in the opinion of your memorialists, a prerogative that does not belong to any single State in this confederacy to exclude any other member or portion of that confederacy from the free exercise of his lawful calling, or in any manner to trammel or impede the free operations of legitimate commerce.

From the hoards of vagrants and desperadoes who appear to be lurking about the coasts of Virginia, it is natural to conclude that the Old Dominion which we have been accustomed to glorify as the birth-place of Washington, and the second cradle of liberty, is overburthened with that kind of vermin; and for our ancient love of that once patriotic soil, and of the heroes and statesmen to which in time past she has given birth, we would very cordially tender to her the hospitalities of those asylums, which are very amply provided here for the off-scourings of Europe, and would freely take care of such of her sons as may not be provided with commodious alms-houses at home.

And your memorialists would further respectfully represent, that unless some energetic measures are taken by your honorable bodies to cause the repeal of this odious law, by the authorities of Virginia; or, by appealing to the general government, cause a stop to be put to these outrages, they may be compelled (although they will deeply deplore the necessity of so doing,) to take their cause into their own hands, and to repel, by force, any assault or aggression that may hereafter be committed upon them. They consider that forbearance would cease to be a virtue, should they be denied that protection which, as citizens, Americans and freemen, they are entitled to receive.

Your memorialists, therefore, respectfully pray your honorable bodies to take immediate action on this subject.

New-York, Dec. 20th, 1842.

From the Liberty Press.

EXTRACT FROM ONE OF GERRIT SMITH'S CORRESPONDENTS.

EAST TENNESSEE, Oct. 12, 1842.

That the great cause is making steady progress, at the North, I have abundant testimony in the altered tones of many of the political papers—in the increased attention to it in private correspondence, that reaches this region through a great many avenues—in the altered tone of the slaveholders themselves; for they now speak of the anti-slavery movement as no temporary excitement, but one that endangers the "craft." There is here a subdued feeling among the slaveholders. The loss of property—the unprecedented embarrassment and corroding cares, have brought them to consider. I have never seen the time, when they were so much disposed to listen to reason.

One great inquiry here, now is, will the Church at the North do her duty on this momentous question? They seem to think that, in the providence of God, the Church is most important of all for the liberation of the oppressed. Will she come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, or will she remain neutral? Will she pour oil into the wounds of the poor slave, or go by on the other side?—Should she pass such a resolution, as the Church in Providence lately passed—pray for the slave, expostulate kindly with the southern Church, but earnestly and faithfully—would every member feel as though he had a duty to perform in carrying the cause of the oppressed to the throne of his heavenly Father, the heart of the southern Church would be softened. She would begin the glorious work of letting the oppressed go free. Her example would be followed by all good men. Then the work would soon be done. When only bad men hold slaves they would not hold them long. This is a cause, where every Christian should pray, that he might be guided in the path of duty, and that God would turn the heart of the slaveholder, and dispose him to be merciful to the poor slave. He should seriously examine himself, as to his fitness for Heaven, while he neglects this duty.

Some months ago there was a planter in the rear part of the county of Greene, eight miles distant, by the name of———, who died, leaving some forty-five slaves. A few weeks since, the sale of his effects and slaves took place at his plantation. One of my neighbors, Mr. ———, attended. He told me that about twenty of the slaves were the children of white fathers; that most of the twenty had colored or light mothers. Fifteen of them, he supposes, were the children of Mr. ——— himself. This is the common report. Mr. ——— states that their resemblance to the other children of Mr. ——— is so striking as to leave no doubt of the truth of the report in the mind of any one who observes them.—Whether he had any intention to provide for their freedom is unknown to me. He died, leaving his estate indebted so as to render a sale legally necessary. I do not know that he left any Will. There were parents and children, bound together by all those ties which could be supposed to exist in that relation, then to be separated forever. Mr. ——— says it was the most distressing sight he ever witnessed. All these poor slaves were in tears. The women were embracing their husbands in the anguish of their hearts. The husband, in quiet grief, sustained his weeping wife. The child, frantic with fears, clung to the bosom of its mother. I did not attend the sale. It is sufficiently distressing to me to hear of it from one who did. Slavery in its best estate, is a bitter cup. But who can describe a scene like this—of such unutterable wo! Would our good Christians and ministers at the North, if they had witnessed this scene of distress, have turned coldly away, and said it was a matter with which they had nothing to do! I hope and believe not. It is not because they do not realize the distress of the down-trodden, that they do not interest themselves more for him. If those, who are quietly surrounded with their wives and children in the family circles of the North, loving, and being loved, could imagine what would be their feeling, if they were to be suddenly put upon a stand to be sold to the highest bidder in a slave market, and taken to parts of the world, where they could see each other no more—if they could imagine their distress in such a calamity, they can pity the slave. If they have no feelings of compassion for him, or so little, that they do not like to offend the slaveholder by making it known, will they not be distressed to hear, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me!"

From the New-York Tribune.

LORD MORPETH ON SLAVERY.

The following letter from this intelligent and high-minded Englishman, is from the Liberty Bell, an anti-slavery annual, published in Boston. It explains sufficiently for itself the occasion on which it was written:

CASTLE HOWARD, Oct. 28, 1842.

MY DEAR MRS. CHAPMAN—Your note has followed me across the Atlantic, reminding me that when you once asked me "for the cause's sake" to write a page or two for your annual publication of the "Liberty Bell," I promised you that "I would think of it." I now write to tell you that I have thought of it, and the result of my reflection is a conviction, that, for the "cause's sake," it would be better for me to decline the honor of being one of your contributors.

I say emphatically "for the cause's sake." Since I had the pleasure of meeting you, all my personal observation of slavery has been made, and it has spread over a large surface. I have been present at debates on the subject, in Congress; I have witnessed the working and effects of the institutions of the South and Southwest of your republic; and in the island of Cuba; I have conversed with its friends, its enemies, and with neutrals, for such there are; I have met among planters and their families, with persons not only of the most agreeable and refined intercourse, but of high honor, of real humanity, of deep and unaffected piety. Yet, so far from my views of the system having become modified, I should not feel myself precluded from any sentiments of delicacy, or even of gratitude towards them, from giving the fullest and most public vent to my opinions or of my feelings, if I could think that "the cause" would thence derive the slightest benefit. The same grounds would induce me to concur in any use to which it might please you to put what I now address to you, even with the purpose of proving that I should be out of place among the regular ringers of the Liberty Bell.

Not, most assuredly, is it from want of sympathy, that I should abstain from being enrolled in that good fellowship. While slavery does not strip all its advocates and agents of many high qualities and exalted virtues, so will not a zeal for the abolition of slavery ensure an exemption from faults and inconsistencies, errors in judgment, and blunders in conduct. But I have learned to look upon you, and those with whom you are associated, formally or virtually, throughout the wide Union, with a respect and interest scarcely to be inspired for any other "cause's sake" on the globe. Upon the soil of your own continent, abounding and abiding indeed are the stores of pleasant and instructive retrospect which I have garnered up for myself from delightful acquaintanceship; from a face of nature, rich, various—in some, at least, of its features, unparalleled; from subjects and undertakings, which, in their development or progress, must powerfully interest every one who is alive to the advancing destinies of his species. Among these, the purpose which has banded you together, appears to me to assume the place of the highest dignity—it may be, of the greatest difficulty. I know not, in these latter days, of any other enterprise which combines to much of the spirit of lofty chivalry with so much of the sobriety of genuine piety, which relies so closely on the logic of the most statistical calculations, and appeals so largely to the impulses of the most fervent humanity; which looks for such fruits on earth, and has such root in heaven.

From a contact like this, why can I even seem to shrink? It is plain that the conduct of all well-wishers to the cause, ought to be resolved to one simple issue—the good of the cause itself. Now I am inclined to believe, that the admitted difficulties by which it is beset, would only be aggravated by the intervention of foreign co-operation; sufficient jealousy is on the alert among the tobacco, rice, cotton, and sugar growing States, against the proceedings of Massachusetts and Ohio; I see no occasion for having it whetted anew against the grasping and perfidious Albion, who, reeling, as we are often told, from the effect produced by her act of emancipation upon her own doomed dependencies, now unceasingly strives to level all the balmy domains of slavery in one common ruin. Desperate as may be the obtuseness of conscience which I thus evince, I must plainly state, that if there is a topic on which I can bear, with the most unmoved equanimity, any amount of reprobation, whether lavished from the Tribune at Paris, or from the floor of the capitol, it is on the motives which inspired the part taken by my country in the emancipation of her slave population. Within all the corners of her territories—upon the free billows of the common ocean—I should be the last to bid her shrink from any right or effort which her municipal law, or the legitimate claim of general humanity, may exact or counsel. But inside the precincts of your own republic—amid the complicated relations of your several States—beneath the obligations of their federal Constitution—it would appear to me that all foreign interference whatsoever, probably at the best ill adapted and ill instructed to meet the special niceties of the question, would only tend to irritate the elements of strife, give a fresh point to the aims of prejudice, and clothe the insinuations of self-interest with the dignified garb of wounded national honor. I am conscious that I may seem to you to magnify any possible effect that might proceed from some probably very pointless scrap of composition; but, in all these matters, it should be more a question of principle than of degree. I have seen, before now, that the susceptibility of nations can stoop very low, as well as soar very high. If a foreign chime should be detected in the peal of the Liberty Bell, I know not what startling echoes it might not awaken in the deepest recesses of Accomac. There is a line which we happen to have often heard quoted among ourselves:

"———know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

Now, strong as my opinion would be upon the supposition of a possible performance of the present system, I should think him a bold man, who could contemplate, without shuddering, the issue of a negro insurrection. The true application of the line, in your case, is this:

Who would *make* free, themselves must strike the blow; and, moreover, if the peculiar difficulties of the struggle seem to point exclusively to American efforts for their solution, so for American brows ought to be reserved the undivided laurel of the triumph. Though I may have chanced to use the metaphors of war, yet it is plain, from the nature of the contest, from the relative number of the partisans, from the temper of the weapons employed, that if victory is to crown your exertions, it must be, as was the case in our own analagous, though less arduous achievement, a victory of argument, of reason, of patience, of conscience, of religion. Though I have forbid to myself the meanest place in your ranks, I shall remain no indifferent spectator of the continuing conflict. The more obvious marks of public attention, on either side of the sea, may be diverted to other fields of action; you will dispute about presidents, and we shall wrangle over tariffs. I am not underrating the importance which attaches to such considerations; but after having trod the confines of slavery, after having traced our dark colored brethren in every condition, from the boy with the crescent mark of native royalty on his brow, just sold into eternal servitude upon the shore of Cuba, to the erect and disciplined recruit who firmly treads the soil of Canada, I feel that henceforth the main portion of my interest, hopes, and aspirations, as to the course of public events in the world around me, must be directed to the onward march of human freedom. In that imposing cause, the friends of the slave in the United States of North America, appear to me to hold the most forward and critical position. May all your armory be worthy of the service in which it must be wielded—the gentleness that subdues, the discretion that guides, without keeping back the zeal that never cools, but never inflames. To say all, may you do the work of Heaven, with the spirit of Heaven, accompanied by the sympathies, the hopes, and the prayers of the Christian people of all nations, but relying alone on the everlasting arms beneath you, and your own good use of the means entrusted to your disposal.

Believe me, my dear Mrs. Chapman, with the most sincere esteem and good wishes, your most faithful servant, MORPETH.

TEXAS.

A short time since, the *Reverend Colonel* J. H. Perry delivered a lecture before the New-York Lyceum, on the History of Texas. It was a great glorification of that notorious republic; especially of the battle of San Jacinto, in which the *reverend* gentleman was an actor.

He talked in a very pious strain about the heroes of Texas doing battle for *a pure religious faith!*

"For himself, he said, on the first outbreak of the contest, he had enlisted in it from his sympathy with struggling humanity, without looking at the merits of the controversy. But he was glad afterwards to find that he had been battling in the defense of human rights and human liberty. Those who were so loud in denouncing the Texans for the course they had taken, he felt sure would be found, in the end, to be those who held fast to the *jus divinum* of kingly power. The Texan people would, when truth should be known and acknowledged, be seen to have been driven to the stand they took, by the cruelty of their oppressors. For all the martyrs of liberty, from Leonidas to Warren, he felt the highest veneration: but none of them, he said, battled for a nobler cause than those who fell at Goliad, or at the slaughter within the Alamo.

The constitution was ratified in November, 1824, and immediately a discussion arose in the Mexican congress upon the subject of slavery. Most of the Texans were planters, who had brought their slaves with them, and were prohibited from returning to the United States. A law passed in 1825, prohibiting all traffic in slaves, and freeing all born in Texas on arriving at the age of fourteen; and soon a law passed, absolutely freeing all slaves within the limits of Texas. The principle upon which they acted was that of the active abolitionists of the present day; and if the same action should be had in this country, we should soon see that similar results would follow among our people. A law was soon afterwards passed, absolutely prohibiting the emigration of any persons from the United States. This blasted all the expectations of those who had settled there. A still more tyrannical course was then pursued towards those who had emigrated thither.

One Captain Bradburn, commanding at Anahuac, without law sent out and seized six persons at Libertad, confining them in close quarters. An attempt was also made to arrest the magistrates, but this was foiled. He annulled the elections of the town, and perpetrated other outrages, which roused the whole municipality to armed resistance; and after a brief assault, Captain Bradburn was defeated, and his prisoners released. The captors then quietly dispersed."

Many other things he said, which were not worth even the brief notoriety of a newspaper notice. A gentleman thus comments upon his tirade, in an article for the New-York Express:

As you published a report of Mr. Perry's lecture on Texas, recently delivered before the New-York Lyceum, I trust you will permit me to make some strictures upon it in your columns, whereby the public mind may be disabused of the false and unjust impressions which that lecture might make, if permitted to go forth uncontradicted to the world. And though it might seem presumption in *me* to presume to call in question the statements of a *reverend colonel*, who was in the battle of *San Jacinto*, I trust I shall nevertheless find my justification in the *proof* which I shall produce.

The first assertion of his that I shall notice is, that neither the heroes of Thermopylæ, nor the patriots of Bunker Hill, contended for a holier principle, or a purer faith, than did those who fought for Texas.

What, then, *was* this holy principle, for which these Texans contended? Why, it seems, by Mr. P.'s own showing, that the commencement of Mexican oppression and tyranny consisted in abolishing, in 1825, all traffic in slaves, and providing for the emancipation of all natives born at the age of fourteen years! Was ever such *unholy tyranny* heard of before?—this prevention of slave traffic, and emancipation of native born slaves so young! What *unholy despots* these Mexicans must be! But this is not all, nor the worst; for no longer than four years afterwards, these *unholy tyrant* Mexicans proceeded to such lengths in oppression and despotism, as to pass a law positively declaring all slaves in the republic freemen! O, these Mexicans—what shall I call them? What term is sufficiently expressive to apply to such oppression as this? Who can wonder that the *liberty-loving southern* "emigrants from the United States," should (as Mr. P. says they did,) so warmly, energetically, and determinedly oppose this unholy, tyrannical emancipation, as to induce Mexico to pass a law forbidding the entrance of North Americans into Texas.

Thus much for this great act of oppression, which amounts to this, and no more; that Mexico would not allow any of her citizens (of whom the Texans were a portion) to hold their fellow-men in bondage. How tyrannical! Just about as despotic as our free States, that have abolished slavery. But then, Texas, we are informed by Mr. P. was a State, and had, therefore, State rights. Suppose this so, and what then? Was it *oppression* for Mexico to *liberate* the *oppressed?*—to *free* the *slave?* Suppose it to have been *unconstitutional*, still, so far from being *oppressive*, it was an act that will immortalize the Mexican name. More of this, however, when we see precisely how this nation of Texan State rights stood.

Mr. P. goes on with his list of horrors, by stating, that this oppressive act of liberating the slaves, was followed up by another still worse. Possible! How *could* that be? Why, "a certain Colonel Bradburn, commanding at Anahuac, sent out a party of soldiers, in May, 1832, without process, or any shadow of law, and arrested six of the principal citizens of the town of Liberty, and incarcerated them in a dungeon in his fort." He likewise, it seems, annulled an election in that place; and when the citizens again assembled for a new election, he dispersed them at the point of the bayonet.

The inquiry now arises—Is this a *full* view of the case? Were those six citizens arrested for nothing? Had Colonel Bradburn no authority for his proceedings? Was there but one party claiming the rule in Texas? This telling but half of a story, does not well befit a *reverend* warrior. Let us look a little further into the matter.

Mexico has been subject to convulsions and revolutions, from the establishment of her independence till the present period. Those who settle within her territory, are aware of this, and do so at their own risk. Whatever may be the privileges guaranteed at a particular time, one revolution overturns the whole, and it is for the successful party to decide how many (if any) of those privileges shall be continued, what shall be the form of government, and so on.

Now, prior to the time when Col. Bradburn made his *dash* against the town of Liberty, (as noted by Mr. P.) a revolution had occurred in Mexico, in which centralism gained the ascendancy, and consequently the State rights formerly enjoyed under the confederacy, were overthrown. In Texas, however, the confederation party went on as if no revolution had occurred, and continued to act under the abolished form of government, thus coming into direct collision with the new government established by the revolution. It was under such circumstances, that Colonel Bradburn captured those citizens of Liberty, annulled the election, and prevented a new one; in doing all which, he merely discharged his duty as an agent of the new central government, by suppressing the rebellion of the federalists. This is *the whole* of the story; and in how different a light does the matter now appear, from that in which the one-sided statement of *Rev. Col.* Perry placed it.

With regard to *pure faith*, for which the Texans, in their recent revolution, contended, we are yet to learn what it was. *All religions* were allowed in Texas *before* the revolution. Will the reverend colonel please to inform us what "pure faith" there is besides? I say, all religions were allowed by the Mexican government in Texas; and it is an imposition on the ignorant for any man to say, that the Texans, in their revolution, fought for their religion,—precious little of which they had to fight for, at any rate. But, small in amount as it was, they were in the full enjoyment of it while they remained in connection with Mexico; a special favor granted to the Texans alone. Nor was this the only peculiar favor granted to them, as I shall show in another communication, having already extended this to a sufficient length. Till then,

I remain your most obedient,
OBSERVER.

From the Liberator.

KEEP TRYING.

"Hope to the last," said Newman, clapping Nicholas on the back. "Always hope, that's a dear boy. Never leave off hoping; it don't answer.—Don't leave a stone unturned. It's always something to know you've done the most you could.—But don't leave off hoping, or it's of no use doing anything. Hope, hope, to the last."

Thus spoke honest Newman Noggs to his friend, respecting a business in which, at that time, there seemed scarcely a possibility of success. But they tried, did all that could be done, and succeeded.

Much may be done by trying. And this truth was never more perfectly illustrated than by the labors, successes, and prospects, of the anti-slavery society.

Twenty-five years ago, a slaveholder, having pursued a party of stray, human cattle to this city, and seized them here, was driving them down to his vessel for re-shipment to the land of whips, when certain colored persons, remembering those in bonds as bound with them, attempted a rescue. Whereupon, the free and enlightened, white Bostonians who happened to be in the vicinity, promptly struck for the peculiar institution, and the rights of their "southern brethren," drove off the rescuers, and secured to the patriarch the safe return of his chattels personal.

Twelve years after, the same state of feeling continuing to exist respecting the slave system, William Lloyd Garrison established the Liberator, and devoted his life to labor for the abolition of slavery. It was natural for him to expect opposition on the part of those who were connected, in business or by marriage, with the South, and his expectations were

was discovered, seized, imprisoned, and seemed irrevocably doomed to be carried back to bondage.—The law, the inspired scripture of the unjust judge, was decidedly against him; the churches were disputing among themselves about the quantity of water required to wash a man clean, and the possibility of perpetual cleanliness in a dirty world; the clergy, with averted look and quickened pace, passed by on the other side; the slaveholder was meditating on what torture would most completely satisfy his revenge, and deter his remaining victims from the effort for freedom; and a few soft-hearted men and women said, "poor fellow," (as they would of one whose eyes were knocked out, and who must thenceforth resign himself to irrecoverable blindness,) and and then went about their ordinary business.

While these things were going on, some abolitionists said to themselves, "Possibly something may be done. Let us try. It's always something to know we've done the most we could. Let us use every effort, and leave no stone unturned, to relieve this most unhappy fellow-creature." They did what they had said. They published a newspaper; they held meetings, passed resolutions, got up petitions, combated the unjust judge with his own weapons, exposed the wickedness of the legal functionaries, watched every step and movement of the enemies of liberty, and said, every man to his brother, sister, wife, friend, neighbor, and casual acquaintance, "Have you heard of the cause of the slave that is among us? the slave, that without crime, is imprisoned in our jail? It is your business and ours, to do all that can be done to rescue him." By these means, a sufficient portion of the community was aroused to exert a powerful influence upon the slaveholder, the sheriff, the jailor, and their associates; and now the fugitive chattel who, a month ago, stole secretly into our city, with fear and trembling, may walk the streets in open day, no longer a slave, but a man.

Much may be done by trying. Let us take courage by our success, and *try again*. But not only when the bondman comes to our very door, for shelter; while slavery exists everywhere in our country, while a single bondman remains within the territory of the United States, untiring vigilance and incessant effort are required by our duty as good citizens alone; while the broader claims of philanthropy and Christianity, will forbid us to pause until the whole world is freed from the stain of slavery.—C. K. W

From the Friend.

WHO WANTS SUGAR AT SUCH A COST?

I nan article in the Baton Rouge Gazette, a Louisiana paper, headed "Sugar *vs.* Cotton," published in 1839, and intended to urge the more extensive cultivation of sugar in that State, is the following remark: "The rigorous measures about to be enforced against the African slave trade, will probably enhance the price of slaves in the Spanish islands, and diminish the amount of sugar annually made. The natural increase of the slaves in Cuba falls far short of the demand, on account of the excessive hard labor to which they are subjected; the men being worked during eight months of the year, twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and consequently short lived. Everything seems to be in favor of the sugar planter, and bids him take courage!"

I doubted the extent of the atrocious oppression in Cuba, indicated in this cold argument until I met with R. R. Madden's poem, called the "Sugar Estate." Dr. Madden had abundant facilities for informing himself of Cuban slavery; and his name is high authority for whatever he asserts regarding it. The Doctor makes the mayoral, or overseer of a sugar estate, to say:

"But where, you ask me, are the poor *old* slaves?
Where should they be, of course, but in their graves?
We do not send them there before their time,
But let them die, when they are past their prime.
Men who are worked by night as well as day,
Some how or other, live not to be grey;
Sink from exhaustion—sicken—droop and die,
And leave the Count another batch to buy;
There's stock abundant in the slave bazars,
Thanks to the banner of the stripes and stars!
You cannot think how soon the want of sleep
Breaks down their strength; 'tis well they are so cheap!
Four hours of rest in time of crop—for five
Or six long months, and few indeed will thrive.
With twenty hours of unremitting toil,
Twelve in the field, and eight in doors to boil
Or grind the cane, believe me few grow old.
But life is cheap, and sugar, sir, is gold.
You think our interest is to use our blacks
As careful owners use their costly hacks;
Our interests is to make the most we can,
Of every negro in the shortest span!"

Dr. Madden gives it as his opinion, that on the sugar estates the annual mortality is about ten per cent. After this statement.

"That tells a tale of murder largely done."

☞*Who wants to buy Havana sugar.*

From the American and Foreign Reporter.

LETTER FROM JAMAICA.

The following is an extract of a letter from Rev. Julius O. Beardslee, an Am. Missionary, laboring in the Island of Jamaica, to the editors of the N. Y. Evangelist.

BRAINERD, JAMAICA, W. I. Oct. 14th, 1842.

The first of August was commemorated, as usual, by holding frequent religious services during the week, at the several stations. On Monday, the first day of the feast, a sermon was preached to the people, in which the benefits of emancipation, both in a temporal and spiritual point of view, and the consequent responsibilities laid upon them, were presented. Some resolutions, expressive of their gratitude for the great boon of freedom, and of sympathy for those still in bonds, were discussed and unanimously adopted. The people were the chief speakers upon the resolutions, and enumerated more blessings and benefits, personally received, than a slaveholder could well conceive of. One spoke of the shackles that had fallen from his limbs—of his feet being pulled from the stocks—of the lash—the ebony thorn whips being laid aside, and the more inspiring stimulus of gold and silver being substituted as inducements to labor. Another spoke of the facilities of education now afforded them and their children; that this little son and that little daughter could now take the Bible and read to them God's word, and that the privilege was granted of worshipping God under their own vine and fig-tree, with none to make them or their religious instructors afraid. Others told of possessing lands owned once by their masters and tilled by them as slaves—of the comfortable dwellings they had erected, and the fine horses they were now able to ride. While yet another class, just tottering on the brink of the grave, neither enjoying nor anticipating much of earthly treasures, rejoiced in the prospect before their children, and could say, from the heart, "*Me thank God, me free before me die.*"

But we have a more substantial testimony of their gratitude, than mere words. Notice having been previously given that a debt of $64 still remained against the station, they came with their offerings, and the amount was raised on the spot. Thus our station was placed on a firm footing, and a heavy burden rolled from us, under which we have labored for more than three years.

We are greatly cheered in our work, by the increased desire manifested among the people, for the acquisition of knowledge. A few of the young men of the congregation having expressed a desire to devote a portion of each week to study, it was deemed advisable to make a beginning, not knowing whereunto such a thing might grow. The providence of God seemed clearly to open the way for such an undertaking, by enabling us to secure the services of brother C. B. Venning, formerly connected with the "Mico Normal School" in Kingston. The need of a helper in carrying on the Elliot station, during the absence of brother Hovey, being great, and the means of support furnished by that people, till his return, brother V. consented to come and undertake the instruction of the young men, and assist in other labors, leaving future results with the Lord. This plan was carried into effect in August. Most of the young men having families to support, and being upon properties where they are obliged to pay rent, it was found necessary to limit the time for instruction, to Friday and Saturday, that the four days required for labor by their employers, might be uninterrupted. We were surprised on the first day that the school was opened, at seeing seventeen young men present themselves; and were quite prepared for the falling off of one-half at least. In this, however, we have been agreeably disappointed. None have left, and others have been added, so as to make our present number twenty-five. The interest manifested by the young men, the sacrifices made to secure regularity of attendance, their docility, perseverance, and decided progress in learning, are such as lead us to feel that permanent arrangements should be entered into to furnish the facilities of a thorough course of study. The adult evening school, and Sabbath school, are handmaids to this work, and will enable many others, who cannot spend two days in the week, to read the word of God, and acquire the elementary principles of an education.

The day school, still under the superintendence of brother Tyler, is steadily increasing in numbers, and making pleasing progress in learning. It is due to the "Youth's Missionary Society," of Spring street church, New-York, that we make a public acknowledgment of the essential and timely aid they have rendered, in furnishing the means for carrying on this department of our work.

Communications.

REPLY TO A LETTER FROM A CLERGYMAN OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * I have not, until now, had leisure to look about me, and ascertain what breaches your assaults have made in my abolition fortress, and how I can best countermine your approaches. But hostile as is your letter to my cherished opinions, it has given me great pleasure, because it shows that you are in search of truth, and will, I doubt not, ultimately find her, although you are just now on a wrong track. The anti-slavery cause needs no truer friend than honest discussion, and dreads no foe more formidable than indifference.

In my opinion, duty, and *of course*, policy, require the competent authorities immediately and unconditionally to abolish property in human beings, wherever it is held; and the more extensive is this property, the more obnoxious and imperative the duty and policy of abolishing it. Now, I beg you to bear in mind, that whenever I use the word *slavery* in this letter, I mean nothing more nor less than PROPERTY IN MAN; in the terms of the slave code, "Slaves are chattels personal."

The opinion I have just stated, is founded not on philosophical reasons, nor on the deductions of observation and experience, but simply on the WILL OF GOD. This will I regard as the sole standard of right and wrong, and the sole test of expediency. In this, I presume you agree with me; but when I say that slavery is contrary to the will of God, and ought, therefore, to be instantly abolished, you will probably dissent, and ask me how I think it is contrary to the will of God? The question is a fair one. I answer, God has given to man a sense or faculty which we call conscience, and by which we clearly and unequivocally ascertain, in multitudes of instances, whether a particular act or practice is or is not consistent with the divine will. This faculty teaches you that it would be morally wrong in me to steal one of your children and sell him in the slave market. You need no reference to your Bible to determine the moral character of such an act. But should you reeur to the holy volume, and there find a similar act recorded without comment, you would say it derived no sanction from the silence of the sacred historian. If, on farther examination, you should find instances of child-stealing expressly commanded by the Almighty, you would reverently acknowledge that HE is just and right in all His ways, and can, at will, dispose of the creatures of His own hand; but you would still maintain, that He had given *me* no authority to steal *your* children.

You may reply, that it does not follow that slavery is contrary to the will of God, because *my* conscience condemns it, since southern consciences approve it. No faculty is perfect, when in an unnatural state. The southern conscience is diseased by self-interest, by habit, by example, and by the teachings of "spiritual pastors and masters." If you doubt the last source of disease, read Freeman's sermons, endorsed by Bishop Ives, of North Carolina, and published as a religious tract (!!) by the Episcopalians of Charleston. Do you question that conscience condemns theft, because Spartan boys, taught by their parents to steal, saw no harm in it? I insist there is no intelligent man, pagan or Christian, who, on first hearing of slavery, and especially American slavery, would not pronounce it WRONG; and this I call the decision of conscience; and thus I know slavery to be contrary to the will of God.

I cannot, in the compass of this letter, discuss what is called the *Bible argument*; but this I fearlessly assert, that if American slavery, embracing, as its very constituent elements, injustice, cruelty, degradation, ignorance, and practical heathenism, be an institution sanctioned by, and in accordance with, the religion of Jesus Christ, as taught in the New Testament, then is that religion the most inextricable riddle, the veriest bundle of contradictions ever propounded to the mind of man.

In this letter, I make no reference to the so-called *abuses* of slavery. I speak of the system only *as by law established*; and thus established, *it legally and necessarily*,

1st. Debars an immortal and accountable being, charged with no crime, from the pursuit of happiness, and reduces him to an article of merchandise.

2d. It dooms his posterity to degradation and bondage.

3d. It annihilates the marriage relation, by refusing to acknowledge it; and authorizing the master to separate those whom God hath joined.

4th. It annihilates the parental relation, by transferring to the master the authority given by God to the parent, and authorizing him to sell the children like cattle in the market.

5th. It annihilates the rights of conscience, giving to the master the entire dominion over the time and conduct of the slave.

I might enlarge this schedule of abominations; but enough. Believeth thou, my friend, that all this is in accordance with the teachings of Jesus Christ? Remember, also, that this dread despotism is a vendible commodity, and is daily bought and exercised by the vilest of mortals. Now, these several properties of slavery are *essential, constituent elements* of the system. Take any one of these five away, and slavery instantly expires. Hence the system is incapable of reformation. So long as man is property, the rights of property vest in the master. The moment he ceases to be property, he ceases to be a slave. The sin of slavery consists not in the cruelty of the master, but in the annihilation of the rights of human nature. The master may be as indulgent as a parent, yet his slave is only a THING, and may any day be subjected to the whims and malignity of his master's heirs or creditors.

If slavery be inherently and necessarily sinful, it ought instantly to cease. It is, I believe, sound theology, that every man is bound to put away his sins immediately. You would not augur favorably of a convert who should announce his intention of giving up swearing, and lying, and stealing, little by little, and should express the hope, that by the grace of God he should some years hence lead a moral life.

Thus far, I have been stating the *grounds* of my opinion, not answering your objections to them. You have not insisted on the righteousness of American slavery, but only contend for its indefinite continuance. But I now call on you either to justify the system, as one in accordance with the will of God, or else to answer the Saviour's question, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Is it wise in the martyr to embrace the stake for eternal life? and would it be folly in the master, for the same object, to emancipate his slave?

I am not fanatic enough to believe, that worldly prosperity is the inalienable attendant on personal righteousness; and freely admit that some masters might find their luxuries, and even comforts, abridged by observing the golden rule. But *nations* are punished and rewarded in this present world; and I challenge all history to furnish a single example of national happiness being impaired by righteous laws.

I might here stop; for if the principles I have advanced be true, my conclusions follow, of course; if they be not true, then will the slaveholders be justifiable, not merely in holding their present slaves, but in reducing to bondage you, and me, and as many more of their countrymen, as they may be able to catch and keep. But I will not thus evade the force of your arguments. They are advanced, I know, with all sincerity; and I will now examine them, in detail.

1. It was an easy task for Great Britain to release from bondage her colored population, inasmuch as she held a perfect control over master and slave, and had only to speak the word, and it was accomplished.

Answer. This power of Britain is mentioned in contrast with the supposed absence of a similar power in this country. Now it so happens that every slave in the United States is held by virtue of legislative authority; and the same power that holds him, is competent to release him. Great Britain declared her slavery should cease on a certain day. New-York had previously done the same. So might Georgia, and every other slave State. They are all as free, sovereign, and independent, in relation to slavery, within their respective territories, as Great Britain herself. Hence, the continuance of slavery arises from the want, not of the power, but of the *will*, to abolish it.

2. British emancipation was safe; because, by force of arms, Britain could at once quell all attempts at rebellion, or insubordination.

Answer. This implies that emancipation endangers the safety of the community. In other words, that injustice, cruelty, and oppression, are conducive to public tranquillity; and that it is hazardous to do justice, and love mercy, unless we are protected, by an armed force, from the malignity of those we have benefited. I know of no facts confirmatory of this theory. You refer particularly to Jamaica. The history of this island does not aid your argument. Servile insurrections there have been frequent. The last was in 1832. In an official report on the subject, now before me, the loss of property occasioned by the insurgents, in 1832, in the conflagration of estates, &c. is estimated at £1,154,583. The military force of the British empire did not, it seems, *prevent* this insurrection; nor did the army, navy, and militia of the United States, *prevent* the Southampton massacre, in 1831. In all slave countries, insurrections have occurred more or less frequently. Every slaveholder sleeps on a volcano. The British emancipation act was passed in 1834; and since then, not a house has been fired, not a life lost, in consequence of it. The British troops, in the late slave colonies, have been *reduced*, since emancipation; and the *blacks*, the very men you suppose will attempt insurrection, have been organized, and armed. A recent letter from a late member of the Jamaica legislature assures me that a vast preponderance of the military force of the island consists of blacks; and that in no part of the world do the citizens enjoy a sense of more perfect security than among the freemen of Jamaica.

3. The slaves in the West Indies were few, compared with those in this country.

Answer. This remark has reference to the comparative danger of emancipation in the two countries. Now, surely this danger, if any there be, depends not on the number liberated, but on the relative proportion of the black and white population. There is obviously more danger to one white among twenty blacks, than to twenty whites, where there is but one black. Now, in this view of the case, the danger in the West Indies was appalling; while in this country, emancipation would be divested of all its terrors. In the British possessions, there were, on an average, ten blacks (bond and free) to one white; but in many instances, this average was fearfully varied. Thus, for example, in St. Vincent, the proportion was twenty-one blacks to one white; in Dominica, twenty-three to one; in Demerara, twenty-six to one; in Grenada, thirty-four to one; in Tobago, forty-three to one; and in Berbice, forty-six to one!! Now, turn to the United States. We have, in the Union, about five whites to one black; and in the slave States, there are nearly two whites to one black. Why, then, I ask, are not the southern planters as well able to protect themselves, as were the West India masters? You reply, the latter found safety in the armed force of Great Britain.

My dear sir, do you speak *from facts*, or merely from supposition? I know of no armaments fitted out by Great Britain, in 1834, or since, to protect her colonies from the enfranchised negroes. Think, a moment, of the local and relative situation of these colonies. They extend from the continent of South America, through the American Archipelago, to the latitude of Charleston, a distance of about thirty degrees; thence to the southern extremity of Africa, and thence to the Mauritius, in the Indian ocean—numbering between twenty and thirty distinct islands and territories; and in all of which, the black population exceeded the white. In these numerous and dispersed colonies, at the striking of the clock, in the twinkling of an eye, the manacles fell from the slave, and he stood forth a man and a brother, and invested with the same legal rights as his late master. And think you, that at this moment, it was the clang of British muskets, that prevented the liberated slaves from taking vengeance for the unnumbered wrongs they had suffered? Read the accounts, my dear sir, of the memorable night of the 31st July. The temples thronged with joyous and grateful multitudes; and as the clock told the moment of deliverance, resounding with allelujahs to HIM who had opened the prison-doors, and loosed them that were bound.

But admitting the masters owed their safety to British troops, sent half over the globe for their protection, can you see no hope for our southern brethren, in their own municipal strength, twice that of the blacks? none in their own superior intelligence and organization? none in their possession of all the means of military defense? and lastly, none in the millions of their fellow-countrymen in the free States, separated from them not by wide oceans, but imaginary lines, and who would cheerfully, and at a moment's warning, fly to their succor?

4. Were England as much encumbered with slaves as we are, there is little doubt that not a voice would have been raised for their liberation.

Answer. It is not clear how this assertion affects the question of duty. We, you think, are more encumbered with slaves than Britain, and yet *here* thousands of voices *are* raised for their liberation, and I believe there are as good Christians in Britain as among us. Great Britain has probably more slaves in her East India possessions, held by Hindoo laws, than there are in the United States, yet numerous voices are now raised in England for their liberation, and, in all probability, before long not a slave will be left in any part of the British dominions.

5. If the slaves were liberated, there would be two classes in the community, blacks and whites—laborers and gentlemen, who, from prejudice and opposite interests, would be hostile to each other; and the former would demand all the rights, liberties, and privileges to which citizens are entitled.

Answer. Blacks and whites already form two classes in the community, and are already, from prejudices and opposite interests, hostile to each other, and *necessarily* so, the one being held by the other as beasts of burden. If hostile classes be an evil, the more we lessen the difference between them, the more we induce them to exercise Christian feelings towards each other, the better. But the slaves, if freed, will claim equal rights and privileges with the whites. It is right to claim, and it is wrong to withhold, that which is *just*. Now I know no case in which justice depends, not on the will of God—not on great and immutable principles—but on the tincture of *a man's skin*. I have no respect for white, yellow, or black justice. The Bible tells us to do justice, but it says nothing about complexional justice.

No doubt if the slaves were manumitted, and their late masters were to attempt to tyrannize over and oppress them, trouble would follow. Sin always brings trouble. No abolitionist ever wished the slaves manumitted, that they might be ground to powder as freemen. These slaves are made of one blood with ourselves; we have one Father, one Redeemer, one hope of immortality. Why should we desire to keep them forever a degraded, miserable race? Let but the master treat their freed men with JUSTICE, and I see no reason why the two classes may not inhabit the same soil with far more happiness, and far less guilt, than they now do.

6. The freed slaves will intermarry with the whites.

Answer. It takes two to make a bargain. If white fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters *prefer* such marriages, I know no law of God that forbids them to gratify their eccentric tastes. But surely it is a strange reason for keeping millions of human beings in bondage till the day of judgment, lest if liberated, some mixed marriages might possibly occur hereafter. Unless the objection is *confined* to lawful Christian unions, the objector may be satisfied with the assurance that the connection between the two races is, ever has been, and ever will be, far greater in the state of slavery than in that of freedom.

7. The freed blacks, when blessed with property, with arms in their hands, and enjoying the advantages of freedom, would not allow themselves to be deprived of their rights, and be held forever in a state of disgrace, debasement, and degradation.

Answer. God forbid they should. If the whites sow the wind, they will reap the whirlwind. But the wicked intentions your remark attributes to the whites, are not verified by experience. In Mexico and South America, the jealousies and animosities you predict between the two races have not followed the abolition of slavery. Negroes there hold offices in Church and State, and no civil wars have resulted from their claiming and exercising their rights. The British law knows no complexional distinctions, and in the colonies there are colored legislators and judges, and plenty of colored soldiers. British armed vessels have black crews, and will soon have black officers. In this elevation of a depressed race, in this addition to the sum of human happiness, I see no cause for lamentation.

8. The emancipation of the slaves in our southern States, would be but the opening among them of Pandora's box.

Answer. The box has long since been opened, and its innumerable curses poured upon both master and slave. Whether, as of old, *hope* still remains in the box, is questionable. You seem to think it does not. *I* do not despair. When you shall have made yourself acquainted with slavery and its bitter fruits—its corrupting influence on ministers and churches—its paralyzing effect on industry, enterprise, and education—its whole anti-Christian and anti-social character, you will agree with a departed saint, that it is "pure, unmixed, unsophisticated wickedness; and scorning all competition and comparison, it stands without a rival in the secure and undisputed possession of its detestable pre-eminence." Believe me, the destruction of such a monster will not be the opening of Pandora's box.

9. Many of our southern brethren are the noblest spirits that ever enlightened and adorned a country.

Answer. I question not the power of divine grace to preserve a man scathless in the fiery furnace of temptation, even when heated seven-fold by southern slavery; and it is only that grace which can constitute what you and I understand by "the noblest spirits." But even good men, wishing to know and do their duty, may still be subjected to extraneous influence; and well will it be, if these noble spirits do not mistake a curse for a blessing, and (as a certain person praying publicly at the South is said to have done,) thank God for having given them not only a fertile soil, but also slaves to till it for them.

10. You kindly exculpate me from approving the violence and extreme measures of the abolitionists.

Answer. It is true some abolitionists have said and done things I cannot commend; and you will be ready to admit the same of not a few of your clerical brethren. But the mischievous fooleries of Puseyism have not weakened your faith in Christianity, nor have the errors of the abolitionists made me falter in my conviction that it would be right and safe for the slaveholders to break the yoke of their bondmen.

11. The late riots in Philadelphia ought to abate the fervors of such gentlemen as have inhaled the heated airs of fanaticism.

Answer. Riots or no riots, the gentlemen referred to would do well to exhale such airs as quick as possible. I see no reason for refraining to protest against human bondage, because a band of ruffians, and certain base and cowardly magistrates in Philadelphia, have committed horrible outrages upon a number of defenseless colored people. Such outrages, I think, ought rather to make us more bold and persevering in protecting the weak, and inculcating the duties and rights of humanity. But you seem to imply that the efforts of the abolitionists excited and provoked the barbarities which have so disgraced the city of Philadelphia. Very likely. Had the early Christians not assailed idolatry, the ten persecutions would not have occurred. Had the Huguenots not have claimed the rights of conscience, the Catholics would have been spared the guilt of murdering them.

12. You predict that the free blacks of the North will yet flee to the South as a refuge from persecution.

Answer. God only knows to what extent the influence of slavery may corrupt and brutalize the people of the free States. Already are multitudes of them eager to sell their constitutional liberties for southern votes. But I have never heard of any abolitionists being engaged in these persecutions of our free blacks; and they are, I believe, without exception, guiltless of fostering this persecuting spirit, by representing these unhappy people as nuisances, which ought to be cast upon the shores of Africa.

I have now, my dear sir, noticed, I believe, all the prominent points in your letter, with what success you must determine. Most happy shall I be, should I be able to relieve you from gloomy despondency. You admit the noblest spirits at the South execrate the day slavery was introduced among them; yet, if I take your meaning, you agree with them, that this execrable institution *cannot* be abolished. Hence it must continue to curse succeeding generations, to the end of time, and this it must and will do, not through the fault of man, but the ordination of God. Now, you and I know that God does not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men; and that although he intends this world to be a state of trial and probation, he does not desire it should be a state of irremediable sin and misery. From this I infer, that every institution, which necessarily conflicts with human happiness and virtue, has its origin in another source than the divine benevolence, and may and ought to be abolished. Cheer up, then, my friend. Believe not that our merciful Father desires the perpetuity of slavery; and if he does not, surely we ought not.

I beseech you, by our long friendship, to ponder on what I have written. If my opinions are false, do point out their fallacy to me—if my facts are incorrect, give me an opportunity to retract them. The subject of slavery, be assured, is worthy of your attention. It involves the happiness of successive millions through time and eternity—it involves the virtue and prosperity of our country—it involves the glory of God and the triumphs of his gospel. Let fools sneer at such a subject; let politicians weigh it against southern votes; let brainless and heartless coxcombs denounce it as vulgar; let greedy tradesmen smother it in cotton; let miserable, drunken blackguards bespatter it with addled eggs; but O, let the patriot, the statesman, the Christian, and, above all, let the minister of the Most High God approach it with reverence and with prayer for divine direction. Adieu, my dear sir; may every blessing attend you. Yours, very truly,

WILLIAM JAY.

BEDFORD, Nov. 29, 1842.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, at his residence, in York, Pennsylvania, on the 29th of 11th month, JAMES CHALFERERT, after a lingering illness of several months, in the forty-first year of his age. He was an untiring friend of the slave; ever ready to aid him in his escape from the prison-house of bondage; and frequently, during his confinement, manifested a lively interest in the anti-slavery cause. Amidst the conflicts of his mind, at the prospect of leaving his young family, he forgot not the claims of the poor slave; and a few days before his death, he left with the writer a donation, to aid in assisting the fugitive in his flight to a land of freedom. J. F.

York, Pa. 12th mo. 5th, 1842.

The above notice I received from our esteemed friend, Joel Fisher, of York, enclosed in a letter, requesting that I would forward it for publication in the Standard. To the justness of the tribute to the memory of the deceased, and the touching one contained in Friend Fisher's note, I can truly and feelingly respond. Like two pillars, those Friends have stood together, breasting the torrent of opposition, and the more dreaded apathy of the citizens of York; supported only in their arduous task by some three or four kindred spirits. To the little remnant, how great the loss—how irreparable the breach! Members of Baltimore Yearly meeting, they yet have not placed their consciences, or their opinions, in the keeping of their chief rabbis; who have issued "an address," which fitly occupies the "refuge of oppression," in the last Liberator; and *unsolicited*, has already *graced* the columns of many of our principal pro-slavery, political papers. When the closing scene arrives to its authors and publishers, will *they* be prepared, like our lamented friend, to seal *their* principles with their dying testimony? In the case of this valued friend, as in many similar instances, we have had abundant and touching evidence of the truth that our principles will do to *die by*; notwithstanding they are so unpopular to *live by*. Cheered by every sustaining hope and pure aspiration while in health, and by every relying assurance in sickness and decline, why should we be discouraged, or cast down? Misrepresentation, of every nature, and art, may follow us; violence may abound; the *piety* of the land may league with the crafty, to turn aside the needy from judgment; but Truth, in the end, *must* prevail. May we make *that* our sheet-anchor; and by it firmly stand. J.

Chester co. Pa. 12th mo. 8th, 1842.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 5, 1842.

THE DIFFERENT RACES OF MEN.

It is curious, and somewhat sad, to see how a false opinion, having once gained currency, continues to be reiterated generation after generation; especially if it serves as an apology for selfish pursuits, or a salvo for unquiet consciences. Thus men argue that the negroes not only *are* an inferior race, but must forever continue to be so; and then founding this false assumption on another, as false in theory, and more wicked in morals, they assert, according to the physical-force doctrine, that when two races are brought into juxtaposition, the weaker must either be made slaves, or one exterminate the other.

So with regard to the red men, people of refined sensibilities, and of enlightened reason, too, while they admit the numerous wrongs of that injured race, soothe themselves by adding, "But then it is impossible to civilize them. They seem to be *doomed* to melt away before the white man."

The *facial angle* is measured to account for the supposed impossibility of attaining a certain degree of cultivation. We are told that this angle in the

Caucasian race is	85	degrees.
Asiatic	78	"
American Indian	73	"
Ethiopian	70	"
Ourang Outang	67	"

The bulk of the brain, and the size of the head, are likewise urged in proof of inevitable and perpetual inferiority. It is said that the dimensions

Of the Caucasian head are	87	cubic inches;
The Asiatic	82	" "
The Mongolian and Malay	81	" "
The American Indian	80	" "
And the Ethiopian	78	" "

Admit these facts, and what do they prove? Simply, that the Caucasian race, through a succession of ages, has been exposed to influences eminently calculated to develop the moral and intellectual faculties. That they started *first* in the race, might have been owing to a finer and more susceptible nervous organization, originating in climate, perhaps, but serving to bring the physical organization into harmonious relation with the laws of spiritual reception. But by whatever agency it might have been brought about, the nation, or race that perceived even one spiritual idea in advance of others, would necessarily go on improving in galvanic ratio, through the lapse of ages. For *our* Past, we have the oriental fervor and gorgeous imagery, and deep reverence of the Jews, flowing from that high fountain, the perception of the oneness and invisibility of God. From the Greeks we receive the very Spirit of Beauty, flowing into all forms of Philosophy and Art, encircled by a golden mist of Platonism, which

"Far over many a land and age hath shone,
And mingles with the light that beams from God's own throne."

These have been transmitted to us in their own forms, and again reproduced through the classic strength and high cultivation of Rome, and the romantic minstrelsy and rich architecture of the middle ages. Thus we stand, a congress of ages, each with a glory on its brow, peculiar to itself, yet in part reflected from the glory that went before.

But what have the African savage, and the wandering Tartar for *their* Past? To fight for food, and grovel in the senses, has been the employment of *their* ancestors. The Past reproduced in them, mostly belongs to the animal part of our mixed nature. They have indeed come in contact with the race, on which had dawned higher ideas; but *how* have they come in contact? As *victims*, not as *pupils*. Rum, gunpowder, the horrors of slavery, the unblushing knavery of trade, these have been their teachers! And because these have failed to produce a high degree of moral and intellectual cultivation, we coolly declare that the negroes are made for slaves, that the Indians cannot be civilized; and that when either of the races come in contact with us, they must either consent to be our beasts of burden, or be driven to the wall, and perish.

That the races of mankind are different, spiritually as well as physically, there is, of course, no doubt; but it is as the difference between trees of the same forest, not as between trees and minerals. The facial angle and shape of the head, is various in races and nations; but these are the *effects* of spiritual influences, long operating on character, and in their turn becoming *causes*; thus intertwining, as Past and Future ever do. Every skillful phrenologist knows that spiritual influences, operating with activity and power, will materially and most visibly change the organs of the head, even in a few months.—Mr. Pierpont once told me of a young clergyman, whose theological opinions had undegone a change, through severe conflict. As they walked together, they chanced to pass one of the Fowlers, so well known as phrenologists. Mr. Pierpont being certain that the young man was a perfect stranger, both in face and reputation, asked Mr. Fowler to look at his head. "Sir," said he, "there are obvious signs of recent and violent conflict in your mind. It appears as if there had been a struggle between new opinions, and old ones for which you had great reverence. The organs of veneration and causality are like the waves of the sea tossed in a storm."

This furnishes a good answer to the oft-repeated charge that a belief in phrenology tends to materialism; for this is one of a thousand proofs that spirit subdues matter, and changes its form. And if the influence of a few months could thus change the organization of the skull, what must be the effect of sensual ideas and a dark theology through ages? That the head of the African *has* a less intellectual development, is no proof that it always *will* be so. That the Indian *has* not been civilized, is no evidence that he *cannot* be. We have never tried to humanize, or civilize, either of these races. True, we have latterly sent missionaries among them, many of whom were self-denying and righteous men; but they generally proceed most unphilosophically. They forget that language is the natural growth and product of a nation's ideas; and that when a people have never conceived an *idea*, there of course exists no medium in their *language* by which to convey it to them. This is illustrated by an anecdote, which I met with somewhere. A missionary was trying to translate the Bible into some heathen tongue. When he came to the phrase, "Sisera peeped through a lattice," he was greatly puzzled; for the people for whom he wrote *had* no lattices. He crossed his fingers, so as to leave diamond-shaped interstices, and asked one of the natives what word they had which signified something like that. He told him, and the translator inserted the newly discovered word.—Some years after, when he became familiar with the language, he found that he had printed in his Bible, "Sisera peeped through a tool basket." And if the difficulty is so great in words that describe merely *outward* things, what must it be with regard to abstract theological ideas, which Christians themselves find it so hard to explain or comprehend?

But even if the practical wisdom of missionaries had equalled their sincere zeal, their influences, compared with other influences, would have been but a drop in the ocean. The heathen nations become acquainted with a hundred soldiers, and a thousand sailors, from Christian nations, where they see one missionary. The teaching derived from these classes certainly does not make them less of animals, and of course has no tendency to enlarge the *facial angle*. From such sources they learn much that degrades, but nothing that elevates.

But it is urged that Indians who have been put to schools and colleges, still remained attached to a roving life; away from all these advantages,

"His blanket tied with yellow strings, the Indian of the forest went."

And what if he did? Do not white, young men who have been captured by savages in infancy, show an equally strong disinclination to take upon themselves the restraints of civilized life? Does anybody urge that this well-known fact proves the white race incapable of civilization?

But you ask, perhaps, what becomes of my theory that races and individuals are the product of ages, if the influences of half a life produce the same effects on the Caucasian and the Indian? I answer, that white children brought up among Indians, though they strongly imbibe the habits of the race, are generally prone to be the geniuses and prophets of their tribe. The organization of nerve and brain has been changed by a more harmonious relation between the animal and the spiritual in their natures; and this comparative harmony has been produced by the influences of Judea, and Greece, and Rome, and the age of chivalry; though of all these things the young man never heard.

The same influences brought to bear on the Indians or the Africans, as a race, would gradually change the structure of their skulls, and enlarge their perceptions of moral and intellectual truth. The *same* influences cannot be brought to bear upon them; for *their* Past is not *our* Past; and of course never can be. But let ours mingle with theirs, and you will find the result variety, without inferiority. They will be flutes on different keys, and so harmonize the better.

And how is this elevation of all races to be effected? By that which worketh *all* miracles, in the name of Jesus—The LAW OF LOVE. We must not teach as superiors; we must *love as brothers*. Here is the great deficiency in all our efforts for the ignorant and the criminal. We stand apart from them, and expect them to feel grateful for our condescension in noticing them at all. We do not embrace them warmly with our sympathies, and put our souls into their soul's stead.

An Indian of the Kennebec tribe, a man of great worth and uprightness of conduct, received a grant of land from the State, and settled upon it, in the neighborhood of several white families. He was well treated, according to the common acceptation of the term; but he was an Indian, and therefore they did not sympathize with him, as with each other. His child died, and none of his neighbors came to the burial. Sadly he looked forth on earth and sky. His soul was like a hillock of corn-stubble, waving alone and blighted in the wintry breeze. "I can no live here," he said. "When white man's child die, Indian sorry—he help bury him. When *my* child die, no one speak to me. I make his grave *alone*. I can no live here." He relinquished his land, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles, through the forest, to join a Canadian tribe.

Yet separated thus from our sympathies; accustomed to our smooth, deceitful talk, when we want their lands, and to the cool villany with which we break treaties when our purposes are gained; receiving gunpowder and rum from the very hands which retain from them all the better influences of civilized life; cheated by knavish agents, cajoled by government, and hunted with bloodhounds—still, under all *these* disadvantages, the Indians have shown that they *can* be civilized. Of this, the Choctaws and Cherokees are admirable proofs. Both these tribes have a regularly-organized, systematic government, in the democratic form, and a printed constitution. The right of trial by jury, and other principles of a free government, are established on a permanent basis. They have good farms, cotton-gins, saw-mills, schools, and churches. Their dwellings are generally comfortable, and some of them are very handsome buildings. The house in which the legislative assembly meets, has convenient rooms for committees, and gallery, and seats for spectators. The last annual message of the chief of the Cherokees is a highly-interesting document, which would not compare disadvantageously with any of our governors' messages. It states that more than $2,500,000 are due to them from the United States; and recommends that this sum be obtained, and in part distributed among the people; but that the interest of the school fund be devoted to the maintenance of schools, and the diffusion of knowledge.

There was a time when our ancestors, the ancient Britons, went nearly without clothing, painted their bodies in fantastic fashion, offered up human victims to uncouth idols, and lived in hollow trees, or rude habitations, which we should now consider unfit for cattle. Making all due allowance for the different state of the world, it is much to be questioned whether they made more rapid advancement than the Cherokees and Choctaws. They raise corn, wheat, oats, and cotton; and their women spin, knit, and weave. Bordering on the States of Arkansas and Missouri, their improvement is greatly retarded by the influence of white men, who bring rum down the river, and through this subtle agency indoctrinate them in sensuality, fraud, and crime. But temperance societies have lately been formed among them; and they have passed a law that all spirituous liquors found at any time, in their nation, shall be poured on the ground. Yet these are the people whom we gravely pronounce to be totally incapable of civilization! We assert there is an absolute necessity to exterminate them, because they are savages! Our fathers did their part of the work by fire and sword; we are doing ours by rum and treachery.

We call them savages; but probably the whole terrible history of Indian warfare furnishes nothing to exceed our atrocities in Florida. Cabins were burnt, harvests destroyed, women shot, and now and then a batch

of wandering hunters hung before breakfast, for sport, and their scalps nailed over the door of United States' ports. Fragments of these things now and then leak out, being told as good jokes, by military officers, over their wine; but the frightful amount of our national guilt toward these people, is known only to the All-Seeing.

Some incidents which are recorded, imply the character of thousands more unwritten and unrevealed. We copy one from the Biography of the Apostle Elliott, by Dr. C. Francis:

"A barn in Chelmsford, Massachusetts, full of hay and grain, was burnt to the ground. This was afterward discovered to have been done by some skulking Indians of the enemy's party. But the inhabitants of the place at once imputed the crime to the Christian Indians of Wamesit; and in the heat of resentment, without further inquiry, determined on revenge. Fourteen men from Chelmsford went with arms to their wigwams, and called to them to come out. When they, suspecting no harm, appeared, two of the men fired upon them. One lad was killed, and five women and children were wounded. The murderers were soon arrested, and brought to trial; but were acquitted, by a jury acting under the influence of popular exasperation. The Wamesit Indians were so frightened at this brutal assault, that most of them fled from their settlement far into the forests, and remained there a long time, exposed to the cold and hunger. Attempts were made to induce them to return; but the remembrance of the day when their wives and children were shot down like wild beasts, was still fresh, and they refused. They, however, sent by the messengers a letter, addressed to Lieutenant Henchman, of Chelmsford, in which there was a passage, which must have brought a blush to the faces of men calling themselves Christians. "We are not sorry,' they said, "for what we leave behind; but we *are* sorry that the English have driven us from our praying to God, and from our teacher. We did begin to understand a little of praying to God.'"

Some Indians, looking at the historical pictures in the capitol at Washington, said, "There is the Old World coming to the New, and the New welcomes it, and gives it corn;—The next picture is a Treaty with the white man, and he cheated the Indians. There Pocahontas saves Capt. Smith from death; and in the very next pannel, Boon is murdering two Indians. We give you corn; you cheat us out of our lands; we save your life, you take ours." The history of the settlement of this country, written by an *Indian*, would indeed form a curious contrast to the record as it now stands. It is the misfortune of uncivilized nations, that their enemies are their only historians.

In the picture of Boon, at the capitol, the whole ground in that pannel is occupied with the Indian already killed; so that when the other fell, he must needs lie on the body of his comrade. Mr. Burgess remarked upon this defect, with biting sarcasm: "It truly represents our dealings with the Indians," said he; "for we have not left them even a place to die upon."

The only exception to this cheating and exterminating policy, is found in the Society of Friends. William Penn treated the Indians as a Christian would treat brethren; and the confidence he inspired, exists even to this day. Let those who doubt that the Indian's soul is as accessible to kindness as other men's, read the following touching address of the Seneca chiefs to a committee of Friends, appointed to inquire into their concerns, and if possible save them from the effects of a fraudulent treaty:

"Brothers—We know you love us. The Great Spirit has taught you to do so. Your ears have been open to hear our cries; and your hearts inclined to help us in our distress! We cannot reward you. We have nothing to give you in return, but our gratitude—this you have full and complete.

Brothers—When your fathers were weak, and ours strong, the Great Spirit led them to believe you were their friends; they helped you in your childlike state. Things have greatly changed: you have become great and strong, and we poor and weak! You are now paying us for what our fathers done.

Brothers—Our troubles are great indeed! this you are sensible of; and have done much to relieve us in our distress: but the *chains* of the white man have grown and continue to grow tight, at the loss and expense of our substance. They multiply upon us, and have become too heavy for us to endure.

Brothers—The land company who have caused us all our troubles are now about to survey our land: they have done it on other reservations; and say they intend to sell it this fall. They prevent us from selling our timber. They have assumed the power to sell our timber and commit the proceeds to their own use. These things give us much pain of mind.

Brothers—We have, on earth, none to look to for aid and protection but you. When you forsake us all is lost. Our wives and daughters water their pillows with tears: and pray the Great Spirit to keep your ears open that you may hear their cries.

Brothers—We have but little to say: our mouths are almost closed; our hopes are in you. Farewell."—L. M. C.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

DECEMBER 26, 1842.

In the Senate, on Friday, 23d, Mr. Benton made a speech of considerable length on the articles of the Ashburton treaty relating to the suppression of the slave-trade. The question was upon the adoption of resolutions, heretofore submitted by him, calling upon the President for further information, if there be any in his possession, official or unofficial, in relation to those articles, and the connection, if any, of the quintuple treaty, with the same. Mr. Benton seemed to suppose that a threat had been put forth in some form, by somebody, that, if we would not execute our own laws for the suppression of the slave trade, they would be executed *for us*; and that the stipulation to provide and maintain an American squadron on the coast of Africa, for that purpose, was made under the coercion of that threat. If such were the fact, he said it was an occasion for fighting, not for treating. He called the intended squadron a *tribute* of ships, men, and money, paid to purchase exemption from a hostile interference of the five great powers in our peculiar concerns. He wished to know whether those powers had been discussing our conduct; and thought that the Secretary negotiator, Mr. Webster, should be rebuked, if he had yielded to a threat of searching our vessels, provided we did not avert it by maintaining a squadron of our own, for that service.—He spoke with severity of the paucity of information on this subject, communicated in the documents touching the late treaty; declared that it was the first time, and he would endeavor it should be the last, that a negotiation was carried on, and concluded, without communicating every particular of its origin and progress to the people. Mr. B. seems to have forgotten, or never to have known, that in the year 1806, Messrs. Monroe and Pinckney concluded a treaty at London, which they deemed a satisfactory adjustment of the great questions then pending between us and Great Britain; among which was that of the *general* right of search; and that Mr. Jefferson, so far from laying before Congress and the people, the correspondence and protocols relating to that treaty, did not even submit the treaty itself, to the Senate, which, by the Constitution, is a part of the treaty-making power. A treaty once concluded, cannot, constitutionally, be rejected without the concurrence of the Senate, any more than it can be ratified without such concurrence. Had that treaty been submitted to the Senate, it would, in all probability, have been ratified; and this, it may be presumed, was the reason why Mr. Jefferson "took the responsibility" of strangling it at its birth. It is also probable that if it had been ratified, it would have prevented the last war with Great Britain. This is a piece of history that ought to put us to our thoughts. It was the policy of the slaveholders, from the very foundation of the government, to discriminate unjustly and absurdly, by commercial exemptions or restrictions betwixt Great Britain and France, so as to turn our trade from the former to the latter; and it was by taking advantage of the popular partiality to France, that they were enabled to form a party, which put them in power, and has kept them there ever since. I firmly believe, that if it had not been the determined, and ceaseless purpose of the slaveholders to rule or ruin; or, if they had not, in pursuance of that purpose, been wholly unscrupulous as to means, the greater part of our commercial difficulties with powers abroad would never have existed; and the rest would have been amicably settled, without non-intercourse, without embargo, and without blood. These things history will show, and posterity believe.

The same old spirit prompts the present move; though some suppose that the purpose is not only to make political capital for a party, but also to drive from the field a competitor for the favor of that party. John C. Calhoun voted for the ratification of the treaty, and is said to be engaged of late, in writing for the press, his speech delivered on that occasion. Whatever else may come of all this plotting and duplicity, one thing seems to me certain, that good will come of it to our righteous and straightforward cause. The turnings and twistings of the crafty tyranny, which has so long usurped the government of the country, can never again be masked as they once were. Our eyes are anointed.

I have learned with great satisfaction, that there is not the slightest foundation for the rumor of the cession of California to the United States. You will see by an article in the Hampshire Gazette, written when the rumor first reached us, that I never gave it credence; but it is satisfactory to have it contradicted, as it now is, on the best authority.—D. L. C.

CALIFORNIA.

The *rumor* of the cession of this valuable territory to the United States, has already given a new direction to the spirit of adventure and of speculation in the West. A company has been formed in Missouri for colonizing in that country; and if we may believe the newspaper statements, many persons are preparing to emigrate thither. In view of this, the Mexican minister at Washington, has issued the following timely notice:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY MADISONIAN.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.
December 24th, 1842.

SIR,—Having seen in your paper of yesterday an article taken from the *St. Louis Reporter*, in which the people of this country are invited to emigrate to California, under the pretense that the Mexican government will give liberal grants of land to persons that shall take the oath of allegiance, and conform to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic faith, I feel it to be my duty to contradict such assertion; and to state, for the information of those persons who may feel desirous of removing to California, in that belief, that the Mexican government has never thought of colonizing the said territory with foreigners; and that so far from it, it is expressly provided by a law, enacted the 11th of March last, that *no foreigner will ever be permitted to colonize or purchase lands or property in the said country, without an express permission of the government of Mexico.*

Knowing, as I do, that no such permission has ever been allowed to any person or corporation whatever, and believing that the project set forth in the *St. Louis Reporter*, is a mere scheme of some land speculators, who wish to take advantage of the credulity of the ignorant, I think it proper to inform the public of this country, of the true facts of this new plan of encroachment, lest they should be deluded, and brought into difficulties, that would end in the destruction of their fortunes, and the distress of their friends.

Believing that you take a deep interest in the welfare of your countrymen, I doubt not, sir, that you will readily insert this communication in your valuable journal, for the purpose of arresting the execution of a project totally destitute of any probability of success, and calculated only to fill the pockets of a few speculators, who care not for the peace of nations, or the happiness of their kind, and who only consult the own avarice and cupidity. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

J. N. ALMONTE.

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Republic of Mexico, to the United States of America.

It is to be hoped that this will effectually check the wild and reckless scheme of appropriating *another* Mexican province to satisfy the insatiable cupidity of American slavemongers.—D. L. C.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 46.

I went last week to look on the earthly remains of the late Bishop Dubois, the third Catholic Bishop of New-York. He was a French gentleman, of great refinement and cultivation, who emigrated to this country during the terrible struggles of the revolution, in 1791. He came warmly recommended by Lafayette, and was cordially received by Washington, Patrick Henry, Judge Marshall, &c. For some time, he supported himself by giving French lessons in the distinguished families of Virginia. He afterward returned to the priesthood, and founded St. Mary's College, and an establishment of that valuable order called Sisters of Charity. His blameless and exemplary life inspired universal respect. The crowds that flocked to his funeral testified the strong veneration of the Catholics for his memory. Masses for deceased relations and friends are now redoubled; with the hope that the good old bishop will help them in purgatory, as he was ever ready to help them in this life. This gives rise to some jests among the unbelieving; but I despise no thought that is born of the affections. Let poor, bereaved human love construct such bridges as she can, between this land of illusions and yon bright region of realities. We Protestants are too prone to pull up our flowers, to see whether they have any roots.

Bishop Dubois lived fifty-five years in the priesthood; and the advancement of the Catholic church was the central object of his existence. The angels know better than I do how much the errors of his faith weighed against the purity and benevolence of his life.

He was buried from St. Patrick's cathedral. A few years ago, he was seen on the roof of this building, watching the flames of a neighboring conflagration. As the danger increased, he knelt across the roof, his venerable white hairs streaming in the wind, and prayed fervently for the preservation of the church. It is said that the irreverent firemen directed their hose toward his head, and compelled him to retreat; if so, there certainly were no sons of Erin among them; or if there were, their relations would never hope to pray them out of purgatory.

A multitude of thoughts crowded into my mind, as I looked on the aged form, lying in all the splendor of Episcopal robes, with the mitre on his head, the crucifix in his hand, and at his feet vessels of silver and gold, containing consecrated water and oil for anointing. What a painted shadow of that priestly power which once governed the kings of the earth! I thought of the fishermen of Galilee, with scrip and staff, and of their successors reading the proscribed gospels in dens and caves. I saw how the oriental glitter of Judaism, and the tasteful pageantry of Pagan Rome, had mixed with the religion of Him, who preached to the people on the hill-sides of Judea. I thought of the eloquent boast of Tertullian, that the influence of Christianity was purely spiritual; that it aimed at no temporal power, and coveted no worldly wealth. Then I saw splendid domes, costly statues, and altars covered with gems. Instead of the seamless garment, and the hair simply parted, after the manner of the Nazarines, there was the tiara of the Persian priest, the crosier of the Roman augur, and the embroidered mantle of the Jewish rabbi. All religions had brought of their cumbrous ornaments, and well nigh buried the vestal under their gorgeous weight. Alas, thought I, were it the outward *form* only that had been adulterated by these foreign mixtures; but the true and false in *principle* have intertwined; and who can foreshow the end thereof?

I thought of the period so falsely called the "triumph of Christianity," when the religion of the poor ascended the throne of the Cæsars. Wo for the hour, when moral truth became wedded to politics, and religion was made to subserve purposes of State! That prostration of reason to authority still fetters the extremest Protestant of the nineteenth century, after the lapse of more than a thousand years, and a succession of convulsive efforts to throw it off. That boasted "triumph of Christianity" came near being its destruction. The old fable of the Pleiad fallen from the sky, by her marriage with an earth-born prince, is full of significance, in many applications; and in none more so, than the attempt to advance a spiritual principle by political machinery. Constantine legalized Christianity, and straightway the powers of this world made it their tool. To this day, two-thirds of Christians look outward to ask whether a thing is *law*, and not inward to ask whether it is *right*. They have mere legal consciences; and do not perceive that human law is sacred only when it is the expression of a divine principle. To them, the slave trade is justifiable while the *law* sanctions it, and becomes piracy when the law pronounces it so. The moral principle that changes laws, never emanates from them. It acts *on* them, but never *with* them. They *through* whom it acts, constitute the real church of the world, by whatsoever name they are called.

The Catholic church, with all its errors and its vices, (and they are many,) has furnished its quota of brave, self-denying, holy men. There is little of Christian kindness, or sound philosophy, in reiterating the evil doings of that church in the corrupting plenitude of its power, while all its good deeds are buried in oblivion. Among those old abbots, whom Luther fought like a son of thunder, were many men as good as he, though they could not as easily let go their hold upon the Past. To them, the faith of their fathers was the Ark of Safety, and they had not courage to lay rude hands upon it. It requires little bravery to do it in this age, when papal pollutions are every school-boy's theme. But how are we with regard to the superstitions and selfishness in which *we* have been educated? "He alone deserves to have weight or influence with posterity, who has shown himself superior to the particular and predominant error of his *own* times; who, like the Peak of Teneriffe, has hailed the intellectual sun, before its beams have reached the horizon of common minds; who, standing like Socrates, on the apex of wisdom, has removed from his eyes all film of earthly dross, and has foreseen a purer law, a nobler system, and a brighter order of things; in short, a *promised land!* which, like Moses, on the top of Pisgah, he is permitted to survey and anticipate for others, without being himself allowed either to enter, or enjoy."

It is midnight; and this noisy population have begun popping out the old year, and popping in the new, with gunpowder. A savage, and most inappropriate salutation, to the circling group of Hours and Seasons. The old Greeks would have pelted them with garlands; but we are not Grecians, nor have we attained to the truer gracefulness of Christianity.

This midnight hour, though but ideally a passing place for the heavily-laden trains of Past and Future, (any more than *every* hour is so,) yet makes me sad. Another large fragment of the brief space allotted me for usefulness, is gone! How much have *I* done to correct "the predominant errors of my *own times?*" How much have I done to fix the eye of faith on "a purer law, a brighter order of things, a *promised land?*" Alas, how little have I attempted; and of that little, how much has been defeated!

A cheerful voice shouts over that desponding tone, "No, not defeated! Scattered truth is *never* wasted!" Accept the prophecy, kind reader; and God grant thee a Happy Year, with frequent glimpses of the *promised* land, and will and power to help thy doubting fellow-travellers up to that Hill of sunlit vision.

"Thro' strife to peace!—And tho' with bristling front,
A thousand frightful deaths encompass thee,
Good cheer! good cheer! Brave thou the battle's brunt,
For the peace march and song of victory." L. M. C.

ENGLISH PERIODICALS.

Bentley and Blackwood, and the Dublin Universty, for December, are reprinted with Mr. Mason's usual neatness and despatch. Blackwood contains a Review of Dickens's Notes on America, complaining of the frequent hits he gives to *British* institutions, and of the vulgar interest he takes in lunatics, prostitutes, and criminals; very natural criticisms for those, who think society exists only for the pleasure and convenience of the higher classes. In truth, Mr. Dickens' greatest charm—that by which he will most surely win immortality, is his sympathetic (not admiring) tenderness for the erring and the vicious. The cold, proud selfishness, which separates us from such, is of the lower regions.

Blackwood remarks, somewhat facetiously, on the *title* of Boz's book. It says: "Brother Jonathan's engagements, in pecuniary matters, not being, latterly, in very high estimation here, as soon as we read *American Notes for General Circulation*, there rose before our mind's eye, in large, black letters, 'REPUDIATION'!"

THE FAIRS.

These have been remarkably successful, considering the severe pressure of the times. In Philadelphia, the profits exceeded those of any previous year. We have heard, (not officially,) that after all expenses were deducted, more than $700 remained.

The Boston Fair was unusually splendid, and more numerously attended than ever. The proceeds are said to be $2,400.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PHILADELPHIA FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—Our readers will please observe the notice of this meeting, in the advertising column. We trust the attendance will be general, and renewed efforts made to strengthen each other's hands for the coming year.

LORD MORPETH'S LETTER.—This distinguished friend of humanity, in declining to exert his moral influence against slavery across the Atlantic, while he at the same time authorized the public use of his noble letter, seems to have acted somewhat like the Quaker, who refused to pay a military fine, but informed the officer that his coat hung in the entry, with money in it.

☞ The affectionate New Year's letter, signed by many friends in Nantucket, was most gratefully received, and brought with it encouragement and blessing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Delay in the publication of several communications has been unavoidable, during the last fortnight, in consequence of being unusually crowded.

VERMONT MEETING.—The Vermont Anti-Slavery Society have changed the time of their Annual Meeting, from the 11th and 12th, to the 18th and 19th of January.

☞ Received of E. Q. Sewall, Scituate, Mass. $5. The three dollars left to be disposed of by the editor, after his subscription was paid, was given to the New-York Vigilance Committee, who are in great need of funds, for the most benevolent of purposes. The donor will see its receipt acknowledged by the treasurer. Many thanks for this donation to the poor; and for the kind, cordial letter in which it was conveyed.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Treasurer of the New-York Committee of Vigilance acknowledges the receipts of the following donations and subscriptions, from Oct. 13th, inclusive:

A friend, $1; Mrs. Abner Belcher, $1 50; Wilmington (Vt.) A. S. Society, $3 12; G. Brewer, (by L. Tappan,) $5; L. Tappan, $1; R. G. Williams, $5; Mr. Hubbard, $4 50; Mr. L. Gibbs, $1; H. D. Sharpe, $1; G. Wheeler, $2; a friend, $2; Mr. Brown, Bangor, Me. $10; a stranger, (by L. Tappan,) $5; Mrs. Susannah Marriott, $3; Wesleyan A. S. Society, (by H. D. Sands,) $3 54; from other friends, by do. $1 46; monthly meeting, $12 43; Mr. G. Rockingham, (by A. Lane,) $10; collected by Rev. Theodore S. Wright, $4 32; by Mr. E. Dorset, $6 95; by Ludlow Patton, $1; monthly meeting, $6 75; Mr. Gillet, $6; Miss Fores, $2; Andover A. S. Society, (by Rev. Joshua Leavitt,) $8 25; J. C. Kendal, $1; M. Cassilear, $1; by Mr. Ray, $1 25; by Miss R. G. C. Patton, $7 12; D. Thomas, Cayuga, N. Y. $3; Mr. E. Q. Sewall, (by L. M. Child, $3.)

The committee would also acknowledge the receipt of a valuable box of clothing, from Wilmington, Vt.

WM. JOHNSTON.

Dec. 28, 1842.

☞ Anti-slavery papers will please copy the above.

Anti-Slavery Items.

POOR OLD THING!—The New Orleans Picayune tells a story of an old horse so far gone that he was not able to die. He used to lean on the sunny side of the barn, without strength enough to wink the flies off from his eyelids; and his owner was finally compelled to get a *Northern* horse to help him draw his last breath.

The Picayune takes a good deal of pains to keep up its reputation for wit. It must be that the above is a sly hit at "the peculiar institution;" it not being safe to speak of its decaying situation, except in the form of allegory.

TRAVELLERS TOWARD THE NORTH STAR.—The Committee of Vigilance at Albany have lately published a full report of their doings during the past year. They state that they have aided about three hundred and fifty fugitive slaves since the opening of navigation last spring.

Of these fugitives, about 150 were men, and 150 women, and 50 children. Most of them came from Virginia, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, and nearly or quite a hundred from Washington and Georgetown. These fugitives have gone chiefly to Canada, and the sum of $500 has been expended for their board, passage, and other expenses.

WHIGS AND DEMOCRATS.—The New-York Tribune gives the following analysis of the vote on the gag rule:

The vote in the House of Representatives, on Mr. Adams's motion to rescind the XXIst rule of the House, which excludes all petitions relating to slavery from a hearing or consideration by the House, was as follows:

Ayes. Whigs	86	Locos	5	Total	91
Nays. Whigs	14	Locos and Tyler	79	Total	93
Locos from Free States voting *Nay*,	45	Whigs do.	none		
Whigs from Slave States voting *Aye*,	none	Whigs do.	13		

LUCRETIA MOTT.—The Spirit of Liberty contains the following extract from a letter written by a lady in Ohio:

"I had a letter from ———, of Washington city,* the other day. He gave an interesting account of Lucretia Mott's being at Washington. I think, from what he says, that she has made an abolitionist of him. Lucretia had been travelling, he informs me, through some of the slave States, where she preached the truth boldly, and without disguise, to the slaveholders.

He states that in Richmond, Va. as many as three thousand persons attended one meeting, and seemed highly pleased with her views upon the subject! Many came as far as 20 miles to hear her, and many *slaves* were also allowed to attend with their masters. He says that she never received as much as a rough word from any of them. 'This seems,' he observes, 'a new era in the history of emancipation views.' Lucretia Mott is pronounced by him one of the most talented of women; and he adds that her sex may well be proud of her."

* The writer is a southern gentleman—born and raised in the midst of slavery.

DICKENS'S NOTES ON AMERICA.—A correspondent of the Caledonian speaking of this work, which he in general criticises rather severely, says:

"On the subject of slavery, the writer has done us full and ample justice; here, he has not wronged us, for he could not do it; no pen can libel the abominable system; there is no traducing, no believing it; to do us wrong by relating the enormities of slavery is impossible; the darkest and most horrible tales that ever broke upon the ears of an astonished world fall short of the terrible, the outrageous reality."

TRIBUTE TO VERMONT.—The Philanthropist says:—"Vermont seems in advance of all the other States, in her regard to the rights of humanity—or, as a certain school would term it, her *reverence for man*. Her legislature, at its last session, passed an act, abolishing capital punishment, substituting imprisonment for life in the penitentiary, unless the governor should after one year, issue a warrant, directing the criminal to be executed. This is an advance step in civilization, and Vermont deserves honor for thus taking the lead of all the States—but, we cannot understand the resonableness of the condition, which invests one man, the governor, with the awful power of life and death.

The late proceedings of the legislature, show that this State is also taking the lead of all the other States on the subject of slavery."

All their strong anti-slavery resolutions were *passed by both houses without a dissenting voice.* The following is a new one, even for Vermont, and foreshadows the position yet to be taken by *all* the Free States:

Resolved, That the Constitution of the United States ought to be amended, so as to prevent the existence and maintenance of slavery in the United States in any form or manner.

DAVID TURNBULL.—A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce writes thus from Nassau, N. P.:

"I noticed a report in the papers, which you were good enough to forward me, that Mr. Turnbull, late British consul at Havana, was suspected of *insanity*. Having had the pleasure of meeting with him several times since the date of his supposed insanity, I can safely affirm that there is at least '*method* in his madness.' He arrived here in the steamer Thames, on the 8th ult. from Havana, to which place he had been sent from Xibra, as a prisoner, and sailed from here for Liverpool, in the barque Walter Scott, on the 26th. I have seldom met with so agreeable and intelligent a man; and, if I mistake not, one of greater perseverance. He informed me that he had been *formally banished* from the island of Cuba; but that it was not impossible his government might send him back, to act in his official capacity as superintendent of liberated Africans. But this he thought, under the present state of feeling existing against him throughout the island, would only be exposing him personally to danger, without the possibility of accomplishing, in the smallest degree, the objects for which his commission was created, unless his government saw fit to send with him a sufficient force to make his commission respected. Before leaving here for Xibra, he applied to the Spanish consul for a passport; which, after some hesitation, was granted, upon condition of inserting therein the object of his mission. Had the consul refused a passport, it is quite probable that the British government would have withdrawn his exequatur; while on the other hand, by granting it, with the purpose of Mr. Turnbull's visit fully expressed, so displeased the governor-general of Cuba, that he immediately addressed a letter to the authorities in Spain, requesting that the consul might be forthwith recalled. Thus the matter stands, at present; but probably it will not end here."

THE MENDI MISSION.—The last American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter contains letters from the Rev. William Raymond, who has charge of thirteen of the Amistad Africans, and from several native Africans. These letters are as late as the last of October. Both Mr. and Mrs. R. had had the fever, the latter somewhat severely; but they were rapidly recovering. Their infant child died after a short illness. Mr. R. remained at York, from twenty to thirty miles south of Freetown, which is the capital of Sierra Leone. Here he had charge of a farm, on which some of the Mendians were at work. Mr. R. had also charge of a large, new Wesleyan chapel, during the absence of the minister to England. He had been active and successful in introducing temperance principles and usages into the colony of Sierra Leone. Temperance societies have been organized, and the attention of the missionaries and converted Africans successfully called to the subject. He hopes the friends of temperance in the United States will afford their aid, sending him publications, &c. Those adapted to children, would be preferred. "I should also like," says Mr. R. "some *badges* and *banners*, for a 'cold water army;' for I shall have a host here."

The following letter is from a Creole, whose mother was a Go-rah:

"*To the Mendi Committee*:—On the 4th of February, Mr. Steele, on his way to the Sherbro, accompanied by some of the Mendians, visited this station. The Mendians lodged with me. By conversing with them, I learned that they were from America, and that two white missionaries came with them.

I asked them how it was they came from America to this colony. Then they began to tell me of the goodness of God toward them, and of His kind providence in safely delivering them from the hands of their enemies; and also what the committee had done for them. I could not but sympathize with them.

Before Mr. Raymond came to this station, I was told that he was a teetotaler—that he drank nothing but cold water. I did not believe it; for I never had seen a white man, whether an Englishman or an American, who did not drink something, (*i. e.* something intoxicating). I was a perfect stranger to such things.

I have said he was the man for Africa; and so he is. I have learnt to be industrious from him, and many others besides myself. To see a white man work every day, I must work, too. The Lord is blessing us.

Your unworthy brother in Christ,

GEORGE H. DECKER.

Congress.

The Senate passed the great civil Appropriation bill, without debate. The President has signed it, and it is of course a law.

The joint resolution from the House to abolish all *grog-shops* in the capitol was taken up, and instead of passing at once, by a unanimous vote—*was laid on the table!* perhaps to remain during the session!

A great many petitions, and bills of a local character, have been reported.

In the House, the Bankrupt law has been the engrossing topic. Numerous petitions have been offered, both for and against its repeal.

Mr. Everett, of Vermont, moved an entire repeal of the Bankrupt law, with a proviso, that all processes of bankruptcy commenced before the 5th December, (the first day of the session,) should be unaffected by the repeal.

As a substitute for this, Mr. Barnard, of Albany, moved to repeal only so much of the law as permits voluntary bankruptcy without the consent of creditors,—such repeal to take effect on the 4th of July next, and to be inapplicable to processes commenced previous to that date.

Instead of the 4th of July next, Mr. Cushing, of Massachusetts, moved to substitute, "the passage of this act."

Mr. Briggs, of Massachusetts, moved that the committee on the judiciary be instructed to report a bill to repeal that part of the law which authorizes voluntary bankruptcy, and to include banks under the operation of the remaining sections.

In lieu of this, Mr. Cave Johnson, of Tennessee, moved to instruct said committee to report a bill for the unconditional repeal.

A petition from Pennsylvania, asking Congress to adopt William Cost Johnson's plan for paying the State debts, by the assumption of them by the general government, was presented and read. The reading caused considerable laughter; and the petition, after an ineffectual attempt to lay it on the table, was referred to a select committee.

Among the petitions presented under Mr. Adams's rule, as it is called, through the clerk, was one of a novel character, praying Congress to repeal so much of the law of the District of Columbia, as requires that a slave, convicted of murder, shall be hanged, and then his head cut off, and his body quartered, and the parts exposed in the five most public places in the county. If such a case should occur here, the gate of the capitol would be one of the places of exposure. A good deal of surprise was created among the honorable members, on learning, for the first time, that such was one of the laws of Maryland, at the time of the cession of the District, and continued in force by the general act of Congress on the subject. The barbarous provision has long since been repealed by Maryland, but still remains in force in the District.

A very large number of private bills, engrossed at the last session, have passed.

The National Intelligencer says: "It is a remarkable circumstance, that of a committee of the House of Representatives, (to revise the rules of the House,) consisting of *nine* members, appointed at the first session of the present Congress, *five* already sleep in the tomb; viz: Lewis Williams, Linn Banks, Joseph Lawrence, James W. Williams, and R. W. Habersham. Such a fatality is certainly of rare occurrence."

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Milton J. Alexander.—This unfortunate young man, lately tried for murder, in Philadelphia, and found guilty of manslaughter, has been sentenced to four years of solitary imprisonment at hard labor, in the Eastern penitentiary. The statement he makes, is, that he went into the office of Mr. Lougee to get some western money changed; that after the exchange had been effected, Mr. L. suspected the note to be bad; that a dispute consequently arose between them; the lie passed from both parties across the counter; the prisoner was ordered to leave the office, but feeling his dignity wounded, refused; upon which Mr. L. came round the counter and was about to seize him, when he clutched the dagger, made a pass with it, and how or where he struck him, or with what degree of force, he did not know, until after it was done."

This is one among many proofs how dangerous is the southern custom of carrying murderous weapons.

A Chinese Ambassador in London.—It appears from the following extract of a letter from an English naval officer in China, that they are likely, ere long, to have a Chinese ambassador in England:—"The emperor is highly satisfied with all arrangements, and has asked, if he should send a mandarin to the British court, would he be well received? The admiral, it is said, has replied that, should he wish to do so, a frigate should be placed at his service, and, of course, he would be well received."—*Boston Journal.*

Arkansas.—A body of negroes, about forty strong, lately plundered some citizens in Arkansas, and then set out for some province in Mexico. The news being conveyed to the Cherokee Indians, then in council, a company of men under command of Captain John Drew was called to pursue them. Captain D. is a bold, daring man, and says he will pursue them into the heart of Mexico, if it become necessary.

Fire.—Five large stores were burnt last week, in Water street, N. Y. Damage estimated at $250,000.

Croton Water.—The cost of introducing the Croton water into New-York, including all expenses, is $11,896,775, and it is estimated that a further sum of $500,000, to complete the aqueduct bridge over the Harlem river, and $200,000 for pipes still to be laid, will be needed.—In round numbers, the cost of the structure complete, may be stated at *twelve and a half millions of dollars.*

Of this sum, from $9,000,000 to $10,000,000 bear five per cent. interest, and the residue seven per cent. The annual interest is $665,000. This amount the Commissioners propose to raise by a tax on real and personal estate.

Ohio.—The legislature of this State, having a democratic majority, passed the famous law called the "Black Act" designed to facilitate the summary recovery of fugitive slaves escaping into Ohio. The present legislature has just repealed this act, to punish the Kentuckians for coming over in such numbers to the whig barbecue last fall at Dayton. The vote for the repeal in the Senate was 25 yeas, and 11 nays, all democrats; the whigs always having been opposed to the law.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Too Much to Eat.—The farmers in many parts of the country are complaining of the low prices of almost all kinds of agricultural produce, and the manufacturers and merchants are also making similar complaints. Indeed, this country is now laboring under what William Cobbett was wont to call "a most awful visitation of abundance."

The Baltimore American published a letter from Coshocton county, Ohio, as follows:

"It is impossible for me to give you an idea of the distress in this part of the country. Oats will bring only 10 cents per bushel. Corn 12 1-2 cents. Wheat 40 cents, and no demand. Hogs $1 per 100 lbs. Beef cattle $1 per 100 lbs. alive. Four years old steers $10, and other cattle in proportion."—*Boston Journal.*

Texas.—The correspondent of the Mobile Advertiser, writing from Galveston, says:

"The times in Galveston are most intolerably dull; it seems as if the good people simply vegetated; no life, no stir, except a military parade of a few skeleton militia, once or twice a week. Never, since this republic merged into existence, have its affairs presented so gloomy an aspect. A thousand calamities seem to have fallen upon us at once; which, if they do not overwhelm, will at least paralyze our energies for some time to come. We have a bankrupt treasury, a feeble and imbecile executive, and disunion and confusion everywhere existing. A crisis seems to be approaching, and unless *foreign aid* should interfere in our behalf, we cannot but anticipate the most disastrous consequences.

We have received authentic intelligence that Santa Anna is collecting a formidable force for the purpose of operating against us, both by sea and by land; and from our exposed and defenseless situation, but feeble opposition can be made. The enemy are doubtless advised of our inability to send our vessels to sea; which fact will the more readily invite an attack upon this place. Some effort is being made to place this point in a state of defense; but owing to our limited resources, our fortifications must necessarily be slight and inefficient. Upon the whole, it would be difficult to imagine a more critical and inauspicious state of things; and although I am not one of those who 'despair of the permanency of the republic,' yet circumstances admonish me to prepare for the worst."

Temperance.—Mr. Buckingham, the celebrated traveller, says: "I have now been in Ireland three months, and have not seen a single person intoxicated, through a journey extending from Dublin over all the south of Ireland, embracing the counties of Wicklow, Wexford, Kilkenny, Waterford, Cork, and Limerick."

The Schoolmaster Abroad.—It is said that a newspaper in the native language has been published at Auckland, New Zealand, under the following title: Te Karere O Nui Tireni Na Te Rawana I mea Kia faia. It is printed on a sheet of foolscap, and edited by natives who have been instructed by the church missionaries.

Invention.—A patent rotary knife-cleaning machine is the last invention which Yankee ingenuity has made. It is so contrived, that one boy can clean from 500 to 800 knives an hour, and that without wearing them or grinding them out of shape.

Capital Punishment.—The Portland Argus, in alluding to the subject of the abolition of capital punishment, claims for Maine the credit of having been the first State in the Union which moved in this matter, an example since followed by Vermont and New Hampshire. The Argus says: "The example in this matter was not set by Vermont. She has only followed in the wake of Maine. As long ago as 1837, capital punishment was virtually abolished in this State by a statute, which requires every person convicted of a capital crime to be imprisoned until the governor shall issue a warrant for his execution—and in no case can he be hung until the lapse of a year after his conviction."

NOTICES.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The inhabitants of Gloucester county, and parts adjacent, are requested to meet in convention at Woodbury, New Jersey, on the 12th of the First month, (January) 1843, to inquire into the responsibilities of the North in relation to the slavery of our land—its character—and the best means for its abolition.

The convention will commence its session at 10 A. M. and will continue its sittings for two days. It is hoped that there will be a general attendance of the friends of freedom.

Let those who desire to see this country redeemed from the disgrace that slavery has brought upon it—who would elevate the character and condition of an oppressed and degraded people—who would purify the church of this land, and exalt a standard of purer morality, fail not to be present.

Come to the meeting! come one and all! come and freely discuss the question of AMERICAN SLAVERY, and in the light of truth, decide upon your duty to the oppressed and to the oppressor.

It is expected that additional interest will be given to the meetings by the presence of J. Miller M'Kim, Thomas Earle, Samuel D. Hastings, Lucretia Mott, B. S. Jones, and others of our Philadelphia friends.

G. T. ATKINSON,
WM. E. COOPER,
J. N. WOLLARD,
JOHN ATKINSON,
B. ROBBINS,
A. BLACK,
} *Com. Arran.*

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS FOR THE PEOPLE, IN WESTERN NEW-YORK.

Anti-slavery conventions will be held at the following places, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. and to continue two days.

Wayne County.
Marengo, Tuesday & Wednesday, Jan, 10th & 11th.
Munroe County.
Egypt, Friday & Saturday, Jan. 13th & 14th.
Webster, Tuesday & Wednesday, 17th & 18th.
Pittsford, Friday & Saturday, 20th & 21st.
Parma, Tuesday & Wednesday, 24th & 25th.
Clarendon, Orleans co. Friday & Saturday, 27th & 28th.
Pine Hill, Genesee co. Tuesday & Wed'y 31 & Feb. 1st.
Niagara County.
Royalton, Friday & Saturday, Feb. 3d & 4th.
Gosport, Tuesday & Wednesday, 7th & 8th.
Middleport, Friday & Saturday, 10th & 11th.
Johnson's Creek, Tuesday & Wednesday, 14th & 15th.
Somerset, Friday & Saturday, 17th & 18th.
Lockport, Tuesday & Wednesday, 21st & 22d.
Niagara Falls, Friday, 24th (one day only.)
Erie County.
East Hamburgh, Tuesday & Wednesday Feb. 28th & March 1st.
Collins Centre, Friday & Saturday, Mar. 3d & 4th.
Aurora, Tuesday & Wednesday, 7th & 8th.
Alden, Friday & Saturday, 10th & 11th.
Wyoming County.
Attica, Tuesday & Wednesday, 14th & 15th.
Wyoming, Friday & Saturday, 17th & 18th.
Castile, Tuesday & Wednesday, 21st & 22d.
Lima, (Livingston co. Friday & Saturday 24th & 25th.

The friends of the slave in different localities are requested to make all necess

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SNOW THOUGHTS.

I do not love the pure white snow
That on our earth so soon is laid,
Though some may think it wrong, I know,
To love not what our God hath made.

'Tis not because I fondly crave
For one whose life in death begun;
And weep to think, upon her grave
The flakes are falling one by one.

But when the cold winds keenly blow,
And chilling drops are falling fast,
Cold, houseless feet tread down the snow,
And childhood sinks beneath the blast,

On garments worn, and thin, and old,
With cheeks glazed o'er with frozen tears,
With tales of sorrow sadly told,
To disbelieving ears.

Its merry notes the sleigh-bell peals,
My heart is glad that some are gay,
But fireless hearths and scanty meals
Soon drive the sunny thought away.

Oh, child of wealth, I ask thee not
To sit in sackcloth by thy hearth;
But are the wretched unforgot,
Amid thy plenty, and thy mirth?

Those little ones, with starving souls,
With cherub wings all soiled and broken,
Whose hearts stern poverty controls,
And breeds the thoughts we loathe when spoken?

Amid the mass of human wo,
'Tis this, 'tis this, my bosom wrings,
The palsying and deadly blow
That vice on helpless childhood brings.

The fastings both of soul and frame,
The bosom altars cold and bare,
And in their place foul things of shame,
With noxious reptiles breeding there.

Sure God will help us raise the spirit—
The *penalties* of vice they share:
The innocent its pangs inherit,
A heavy cross the guiltless bear.

I cannot love this "winding sheet,"
That wraps fair nature round about,
'Tis very cold for shoeless feet;
And there are many such, without.

I know in kindness it is sent;
'Tis *man* that worketh all this wo;
But wo is me! till men repent,
I cannot love the blessing, snow. E. A. C.

From the Liberty Bell.

THE CHASE.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

Ho! hunters of the panting slave,
That, from your house and hounds has fled,
And sought a refuge where the brave
Of other days for freedom bled;
Bring your fleet coursers to a halt!
Call in your hounds!—they're all at fault!

Your slave—the thankless refugee!—
Feigning some terrible alarms,
Dares, for protection, look to me;
Yes, casts himself into my arms;
And says that he has heard them tell
Where Prescott fought, and Warren fell:—

That he has heard about a pile,
That heavenward lifts its stately head,
That day may leave its parting smile,
Just where my bravest children bled,
Like victims, at their country's call,
To purchase liberty for ALL:—
And that, long ere "October's sun,"
At Richmond, tinged one raven lock
Of Webster, he had heard of one
Who said—not far from Plymouth's rock—
"I hear the hammer's sound!—I see
The furnace-smoke of slavery!

Before my sight the vision swims,
Of foul artificers, by whom
Fetters are forged for human limbs,
While midnight wraps their work in gloom,
And makes the strokes of her sullen bell
Chime in with the strokes of that work of hell!

I call on those, who, round the flame
Of righteous law, keep watch and ward,
Or, in Religion's awful name,
Serve in the temples of the Lord,
To let these sinners feel the ban
Of Church and State—of God and man!"

And trusting that the soul that spoke
One words, yet lived, in half my bounds,
Your hunted one shook off your yoke;
And, from your halters and your hounds,
Has he escaped, and fled to me,
Resolved on "death or liberty."

Poor, chased "chattel!" When I sing
Of freedom, and old War's disasters,
I mean, I'm free from George the king,
Not free from you—my southern masters!
O, no; the slaves from you that slip,
I'll catch and hold, for you to whip.

For, thus 'tis written in the bond,
That holds the North and South together:—
So, masters, when your* "things" abscond,
Be it in warm or wintry weather,
I nab them:—so dismiss your pack
Of hounds; and come, and take him back.

For I have also "things," that talk,
Each furnished with an iron claw,
To "hook" such *wares* as hither walk,
With, or without the forms of law:—
So come, and feed* my biped pack;
Come and "convey" your chattel back.

Good God! is it to such a note,
That staunch old Massachusetts yelps?
Opens she thus her deep-toned throat?
Falls she in thus, with younger whelps?
In the hot chase of fleeing gangs,
In human limbs to flesh her fangs?

The fires of freedom *must* she quench—
The proud old Mother of us all—
Upon her Altar and her Bench—
On Bunker's Hill—in Faneuil Hall?
Must the *last spark* be trodden out,
Lest her old Virgin sister pout?

No!—Let old Massachusetts tread
Queenly, along her rugged shore,
From Plymouth's rock, to Marblehead!
And, as the surges rage, and roar,
And foam—let her look down, and say,
"Well thundered, Ocean!—roar away!

"The Hand that lifts your threatening seas,
Has reared these ramparts on my line:—
Be still, or stormy—as you please;
'Tis all the same to me and mine.
These rocks my grounds and children guard;
So, beat away!—you'll find they're hard."

So, too, when southern despots chafe,
And scent their flying bondman's track,
Within her lines let *him* be safe;
And, though they foam, let *them* fall back;
And let *her* lift her hand, and say—
"From Berkshire's hills to Buzzard's bay,

"You see a land of Liberty!
True hearts are here, and toil-worn hands:
No foot can step here, but 'tis free;
Look, stranger, look o'er all these lands;
There's room here yet, for freemen's graves,
But none for kidnappers, or slaves."

* Qu. "foe"?

Miscellany.

AARON BURR AND BLANNERHASSET.

During the last session of Congress, the widow of Harmon Blannerhasset petitioned for indemnity for losses incurred by her late husband, in consequence of the destruction of his property by an armed force, during the excitement growing out of Burr's conspiracy. While the petition was under consideration, the unfortunate lady died in New-York, at the age of 70. She was very poor; having been for many years supported by the charity of her warm-hearted countrymen. Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments have been rendered famous by Mr. Wirt's eloquent description, in his defense of her husband. He represented her as "beautiful as a Houri, and gifted as Zobeide."

Her husband, a wealthy Irish emigrant, shared the political opinions of Robert Emmet, and is said to have left Ireland to avoid his fate. He bought an estate on Bacchus Island, in the broad Ohio, on which he expended $55,000. It became renowned for the elegance of the mansion, the tasteful arrangement of the grounds, and the loveliness of the scenery. It was described as a luxurious retreat, which "Calypso and her Nymphs might have envied."

Not even the ruins of this once famous place are now remaining. In an evil hour, one fine spring morning, Aaron Burr landed on the beautiful island, and sent his servant with the following note:

"Colonel Burr solicits the favor of being permitted to wander among the grounds of Mrs. Blannerhasset."

This, of course, received a courteous answer, and the acquaintance thus begun involved the hospitable emigrant in the treasonable designs of his insidious guest. A military force took possession of the island, burnt the splendid house and furniture, destroyed the beautiful gardens, and drove the once happy family into exile.

The following account, from the Licking Valley Register, Kentucky, is given by one who knew them in their prosperity:

Much has been said and written on the conspiracy of Aaron Burr; and a diversity of opinion still exists, as to the extent of his designs. The elegant retirement of Blannerhasset, previous to his association with Burr, has also been a theme of eloquence, and a subject of admiration. As I lived near the centre of Burr's operations, and was intimate with the family of Blannerhasset, many facts came under my observation which perhaps are not generally known. I therefore comply with your request, by detailing circumstances which were familiar to me at that period.

With reference to Burr's conspiracy, I have never doubted the fact, that his first object was a separation of the States, and the establishment of "an energetic government," including our northwest and southern territories. This intention was clearly manifested by a series of publications with the signature of "QUERIST," in the "Ohio Gazette," a paper then printed at Marietta, by one Fairlamb.

Those numbers held forth all the arguments that could be urged, to induce the withdrawal of the West and South from the old States. Burr furnished the leading points, Blannerhasset wrote them out, and attended to their publication. The first number was read to the printer, by Blannerhasset, at my father's house, and in the presence of several of the family. After the printer had retired, my father made a strong appeal to Mr. Blannerhasset, on the folly and danger of such an enterprise; reminding him of his narrow escape from the troubles of Ireland, of the happy form of government he then enjoyed, and of his delightful situation at the island, surrounded by all the sources of earthly bliss. Mr. Blannerhasset was disconcerted; he acknowledged his obligations for my father's friendly motives, but attributed their different views to the difference of age. My father indignantly replied, that he had fought for the government under which he lived, that he loved it as the apple of his eye, and that treason against it could not be concerted under his roof. Mr. Blannerhasset politely withdrew, took up his quarters at a public house, and never made his home with us afterward. But number after number of the "QUERIST" came before the people, holding forth the possession of the public lands, with all their mineral productions—the great agricultural prospects of the West—the vast navigable waters—the occupation of New Orleans as a commercial emporium, and various other arguments in favor of a separate government. A day was also appointed to hold a convention at the island.

But the plans of Burr were not confined to a separation of the States; he knew that this project might fail, and the establishment of an empire in the Mexican country, was his alternative. A number of batteaux, or row-gallies, were prepared on the Muskingum river, and probably some at other points, with which he intended a rapid descent on New Orleans, or to ascend the Red river toward Mexico, as circumstances might require. Numbers of restless and desperate spirits were enlisted in his visionary schemes, from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, but the mass of the western people were attached to their government, and their connections east of the mountains. If the convention had assembled at the island, the inhabitants of the neigborhood were prepared to disperse them with force and arms. The convention failed; and when a party attempted to escape with the boats, they were prevented by the militia, under a special law of Ohio, passed for the occasion, with closed doors. But there were traitors in that legislature—in Congress—and in the army of the United States.

Burr met in council with a fragment of his followers, on an island in the Mississippi, where his scheme was abandoned. He fled in disguise but was arrested, tried at the city of Richmond, and acquitted by a quirk of the law. Blannerhasset and other associates were discharged. His family, servants, and furniture, having descended the river to Natchez, he located himself on a cotton farm in that vicinity. The embargo and the war which followed, defeated his expectations; he became embarrassed; his fortune having been impaired by his liabilities for Burr. Under the prospect of a civil appointment in Lower Canada, he removed to Montreal, but his friend, the governor, being removed, he was again disappointed, and retired at last to the Island of Jersey, in the British channel, where his maiden sister resided, a lady of fortune. There he died, the victim of a romantic and visionary mind.

Blannerhasset was an Irish nobleman, a man of science, and a polished gentleman. He excelled in the composition and performance of music; his instruments were the violin, and bass-viol, both of which he used in the manner of the bass. His spacious hall was constructed in musical proportions, where the tones of his viol vibrated with thrilling effect. His library was elegant and extensive, his laboratory was provided with abundant apparatus for chemical and philosophical experiments, and his house and grounds were furnished with various means of winter and summer amusements. The mansion, with its corridor and wings, formed half an ellipsis, and the finish and furniture of its apartments were adapted to the use for which they were intended. The hall was a spacious, lofty room, its walls painted a sombre color, and its furniture rich, heavy, and grand. The drawing-room was in perfect contrast, and its decorations light as a fairy's wing. In short, the whole establishment was noble and genteel, without the glare of tinsel finery, or the inconsistency of bad taste. His style of living was in unison with his house and furniture, always elegant, easy, and comfortable. The arrangements of the grounds was equally complete, the famous shrubbery was a mimic wilderness, with labyrinth walks, bordered with flowers, and interspersed with arbors and grottos. The extensive pasture in front, with its flocks and herds, was separated from the lawn by an invisible fence; and the view up the Ohio was unobstructed for several miles. But the whole scene requires the pen of a poet. The description of Wirt is nearer the reality than is generally believed, and his sketch of Mrs. Blannerhasset is equally true to nature. She was a beautiful and accomplished lady, of dignified appearance and manners; affable, friendly, and without the least affectation, yet with all her elegance, she was a notable housewife, and devoted to her needle; not in the production of flowers and flounces, but of garments for her children and servants. The miserable slanders which have been reported of her, are without the least foundation. Burr did not seduce Blannerhasset, through the medium of his wife, as has often been stated; his only visit to the island did not exceed three days; and no woman of Mrs. Blannerhasset's mind and character, could be corrupted on so brief an acquaintance. Blannerhasset was an open and unguarded man, easily imposed upon, and enthusiastic in all his impulses. Burr approached him in the most artful and insidious manner. Descending the river in a batteau, he landed as a passing stranger merely to see and admire the far-famed island. Mr. Blannerhasset hearing that a stranger was on his lawn, sent a servant to invite him to the house; the wily serpent sent his card with an apology, but Mr. Blannerhasset, with his usual hospitality, walked out and insisted on his remaining a day or two. Burr very modestly acquiesced, and during that unfortunate interview, infused the poison of ambition into the unwary mind of his visionary host. Mrs. Blannerhasset endeavored to dissuade her husband from the enterprise, but finding his soul enlisted in it, her sense of duty compelled her to acquiesce in his views, which resulted in the ruin of his family.

"Years have gone by, and the tale at last,
Is told as a sorrowful scene long past,"

The steamboat passenger looks on the deserted island for some vestige of its former embellishment; but he looks in vain. The mansion was destroyed by fire, its beautiful appendages are obliterated, its hospitality, the soul of music, and the refinement of taste and intellect, have all departed. On my last visit to the scene of many happy hours, the only memento of my early associations I could find, was "R. W. 1805," carved on the bark of an old beech tree.

"I felt like one who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted;
Whose lights are fled, the garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

GLENMARY.

Everybody has heard of this beautiful retreat, on the Susquehannah, from which N. P. Willis has sent forth so many beautiful "pencillings." Under the pressure of these hard times, it has lately been sold by the sheriff; and the poet thus commends it to the care of his successor:

TO THE UNKNOWN PURCHASER AND NEXT OCCUPANT OF GLENMARY.

SIR—In selling you the dew and sunshine ordained to fall hereafter on this bright spot of earth—the waters on their way to this sparkling brook—the tints mixed for the flowers of that enamelled meadow, and the songs bidden to be sung in coming summers by the feathery builders in Glenmary, I know not whether to wonder more at the omnipotence of money, or at my own impertinent audacity towards Nature. How can you *buy* the right to exclude at will every other creature made in God's image, from sitting by this brook, treading on that carpet of flowers, or lying listening to the birds in the shade of these glorious trees—how I can *sell* to you, is a mystery not understood by the Indian, and dark, I must say, to me.

"Lord of the soil," is the title which conveys your privileges but poorly. You are master of waters flowing at this moment, perhaps, in a river of Judea, or floating in clouds over some spicy island of the tropics, bound hither after many changes. There are lilies and violets ordered for you in millions; acres of sunshine, in daily instalments; and dew nightly, in proportion. There are throats to be tuned with song, and wings to be painted with red and gold, blue and yellow; thousands of them, and all tributary to you. Your corn is ordered to be sheathed in silk, and lifted high to the sun. Your grain is to be duly bearded and stemmed. There is perfume distilling for your clover, and juices for your grasses and fruits. Ice will be here for your wine; shade for your refreshment at noon; breezes, and showers, and snow-flakes, all in their season; and all "deeded" to you for forty dollars the acre! Gods! what a copyhold of property for a fallen world!

Mine has been but a short lease of this lovely and well-endowed domain, (the duration of a smile of fortune, five years, scarce longer than a five-act play;) but as in a play we sometimes live through a life, it seems to me that I have lived a life at Glenmary. Allow me this, and then you must allow me the privilege of those who, at the close of life, leave something behind them; that of writing out my *will*. Though I depart *this* life, I would fain, like others, extend my ghostly hand into the future; and if wings are to be borrowed or stolen where I go, you may rely on my hovering around and haunting you, in visitations not restricted by cock-crowing.

Trying to look at Glenmary through your eyes, sir, I see too plainly that I have not shaped my ways as it expecting a successor in my lifetime. I did not, I am free to own. I thought to have shuffled off my mortal coil tranquilly here; flitting at last in company with some troop of my autumn leaves, or some bevy of spring blossoms, or with the snow in the thaw; my tenants at my back, as a landlord may say. I have counted on a life interest in the trees, trimming them accordingly; and in the squirrels and birds, encouraging them to chatter, and build, and fear nothing; no guns permitted on the premises.* I have had my will of this beautiful stream. I have carved the woods into a shape of my liking. I have propagated the despised sumac, and the persecuted hemlock, and "pizen laurel." And "no end to the weeds dug up and set out again," as one of my neighbors delivers himself. I have built a bridge over Glenmary brook, which the town looks to have kept up by "the place;" and we have plied free ferry over the river, I and my man Tom, till the neighbors, from the daily saving of two miles round, have got the trick of it. And betwixt the aforesaid Glenmary brook and a certain muddy and plebeian gutter formerly permitted to join company with, and pollute it, I have procured a divorce, at much trouble and pains; a guardian duty entailed of course on my successor.

First of all, sir, let me plead for the old trees of Glenmary. Ah! those friendly old trees! The cottage stands belted with them—a thousand visible from the door; and of stems and branches worthy of the great valley of the Susquehannah. For how much music played without thanks, am I indebted to those leaf-organs of changing tune? for how many whisperings of thought breathed like oracles into my ear? for how many new shapes of beauty moulded in the leaves by the wind? for how much companionship, solace, and welcome? Steadfast and constant is the countenance of such friends. God be praised for their staid welcome and sweet fidelity? If I love them better than some things human, it is no fault of ambitiousness in the trees. They stand where they did. But in recoiling from mankind, one may find them the next kindliest things, and be glad of dumb friendship. Spare those old trees, gentle sir!

In the smooth walk which encircles the meadow betwixt that solitary Olympian sugar-maple and the margin of the river, dwells a portly and venerable toad; who (if I may venture to bequeath you my friends) must be commended to your kindly consideration. Though a squatter, he was noticed in our first rambles along the stream, five years since, for his ready civility in yielding the way, not hurriedly, but with an obsequiousness unbecoming a republican, but deliberately, and just enough; sitting quietly on the grass till our passing by gave him room again on the warm and trodden ground. Punctually, after the April cleansing of the walk, this jewel *habitue*, from his indifferent lodgings hard by, emerges to take his pleasure in the sun; and there, at any hour when a gentleman is likely to be abroad, you may find him, patient on his *os caccigis*, or vaulting to his asylum of high grass. This year, he shows, I am grieved to remark, an ominous obesity, likely to render him obnoxious to the female eye; and with the trimness of his shape, has departed much of that measured alacrity which first won our regard. He presumes a little on your allowance for old age; and with this pardonable weakness growing upon him, it seems but right that his position and standing should be tenderly made known to any new-comer on the premises. In the cutting of the next grass, slice me not up my fat friend, sir! nor set your cane down heedlessly in his modest domain. He is "mine ancient;" and I would fain do him a good turn with you.

For my spoilt family of squirrels, sir, I crave nothing but immunity from powder and shot. They require coaxing to come on the same side of the tree with you; and though saucy to me, I observe that they commence acquaintance invariably with a safe mistrust. One or two of them have suffered, it is true, from too hasty a confidence in my greyhound, Maida; but the beauty of that gay fellow was a trap against which nature had furnished them with no warning instinct. (A fact, sir, which would prettily point a moral!) The large hickory on the edge of the lawn, and the black walnut over the shoulder of the flower-garden, have been, through my dynasty, sanctuaries inviolate for squirrels. I pray you, sir, let them not be "reformed out," under your administration.

Of our feathered connections and friends, we are most bound to a pair of Phebe birds, and a merry Bob o'Lincoln; the first occupying the top of the young maple, near the door of the cottage, and the latter executing his bravuras upon the clump of elder-bushes in the meadow; though in common with many a gay-plumaged gallant like himself, his whereabout after dark, is a mystery. He comes every year from his rice plantation in Florida to pass the summer at Glenmary. Pray keep him safe from percussion-caps; and let no urchin, with a long pole, poke down our trusting Phebes; annuals in that same tree for three summers. There are hummingbirds, too, whom we have complimented and looked sweet upon, but they cannot be identified from morning to morning. And there is a golden oriole, who sings through May on a dogwood tree by the woodside; but he has fought shy of our crumbs and coaxing, and let him go. We are mates for his betters, with all his golden livery. With these reservations, sir, I commend the birds to your friendship and kind keeping.

And now, sir, I have nothing else to ask, save only your watchfulness over the small nook reserved from this large purchase of seclusion and loveliness. In the shady depths on the small glen above you, among wild flowers and music, is a spot sacred to love and memory. Keep it inviolate; and as much of the happiness of Glenmary as we can leave behind, stay with you for a recompense.

Yours, &c. N. P. WILLIS.

* Pardon me, woodcocks. We *do* shoot woodcocks. Whether it is my natural enmity to a *long bill*, or that my bowels for woodcocks are not "bowels of compassion," these are the sole outlaws of Glenmary.

From the Friend.

BE KIND TO YOUR SISTER.

One morning, there was a little girl sitting on the door-steps of a pleasant cottage, near the common. She was thin and pale. Her head was resting on her slender hand, and there was a touching expression in her sweet face, which the dull, heavy expression about her jet-black eyes did not destroy. For several weeks, she had seemed to be drooping, without any particular disease; inconstant in her attendance at school, and losing, gradually, her interest in all her former employments. Helen had one sister, Clara, a little older than herself, and several brothers. This day she seemed better; but something her sister had said to her a few moments before, gave that expression of sadness to her face, as she sat at the door of the cottage. Clara soon came to her again: "Helen, mother says you must go to school. So get up, come along and get ready, and not be moping there any longer." "Did mother say so?" "Yes, she did. You are well enough, I know; for you always say you are ill just at school time. Get your bonnet; for I shan't wait."

Helen rose slowly, and wiping away her tears, made her preparations to obey her mother's command. Now Clara had a very unamiable disposition. She could not bear to have Helen receive any more attention or sympathy, than she herself did; and, unless she was really so ill as to excite her fears, she never would allow that she was ill at all. She had determined not to go to school alone this morning, and therefore had persuaded her mother to make her sister go with her. In a few moments, they were both ready. Their dinner had been packed in a large basket, which stood in the entry. "Helen," said Clara, "I've carried the basket every day for a week; it's your turn, now." "But it's twice as heavy now; I can but just lift it." "Well, I don't care. I have got my geography and atlas to carry. Take it up, and come along. I shan't touch it." Helen took up the basket, and walked slowly behind her sister, without saying another word, though it required all her little strength. She tried hard to keep from crying; but the tears would come. They walked on thus, in silence, for about a quarter of an hour. Clara felt too ill-humored to take any notice of her sister. She knew she had done wrong, but was too proud to acknowledge it. She was determined to "hold out;" excusing herself by thinking, "Well, Helen is always saying she is ill, and making a great fuss. It's just good enough for her." When she had reached the half-way stone, she had half a mind not to let her rest there, as usual; but the habit was too strong to be easily broken, and she sat down, sullenly, to wait for Helen to come up. The broad, flat stone was shaded by a beautiful weeping-willow, around the trunk of which ran a little brook. It would seem as if the beauty of this place might have charmed away the bad spirit in Clara's breast; but the cool shade brought no refreshment to those evil passions. She sat sullenly, till Helen came up, and then began to scold her for being so slow. "Why don't you come along faster, Helen? You will be late at school. I don't care if you are; you deserve a good scolding for acting so." "Why, Clara, I am very tired, my head aches, and this basket is very heavy: I think you ought to carry it the rest of the way." "Do give it to me, then," said Clara; and she snatched it from her, with such violence, that the cover came off. The apples rolled out into the water, and the pie fell into the dirt. It has been truly said, "Anger is a short madness;" for how little reason have those, who indulge in it! Helen was not to blame for the accident; but Clara did not stop to think of this. Vexed at having lost her dinner, she turned and gave her sister a push, and then walked on as fast as possible. Oh! could she have foreseen the consequence of this rash act! Could she have known the bitter anguish it would afterwards cause her, worlds would not have tempted her to do it! But Clara was angry. Helen was seated just on the edge of the water, and she fell in. It was not deep. She had waded there, many a day, with her shoes and stockings off. But it frightened her very much, and took away all her strength. She could not even call to her sister, or cry. A strange feeling came over her, such as she had never known before. She laid her head on the stone, and closed her eyes. She thought she was dying, and wished her mother was there. She seemed to sleep for a few moments; but by and by, she felt better; and getting up, she took her empty basket, and walked on, as well as she could, towards the school-house. School was nearly half done when she got there; and as she entered the room, all noticed her pale face and wet dress. She took her seat, leaned her aching head upon her hand, and attempted to study; but in vain. She could not fix her attention at all. The strange feeling came over her again; the letters mingled together; the room became dark; the shrill voice of the little child, screaming its A, B, C, grew fainter and fainter; her head sunk upon her book, and she fell to the floor. Fainting was so unusual in school, that all was instantly in confusion; and it was some minutes before the teacher could restore order. Helen was brought to the air, two of her companions despatched for water, and none were allowed to remain near, except Clara; who stood by, trembling from head to foot, almost as white as the insensible object before her. Oh! what a moment of anguish was this! deep, bitter anguish! She would almost have sacrificed her life to recall the events of the morning. If Helen *only* recovered, she would spend the future in endeavoring to atone for past unkindness. It seemed, for a short time, as if she would be called on to fulfill her promises. Helen gradually grew better, and in about an hour was apparently as well as usual. It was judged best, however, for her to return home; and a farmer, who happened to pass by, in a new gig, very kindly offered to take her. Clara could not play with the girls, as usual. Her heart was full; and she was very impatient to be once more by her sister's side. Oh! how eagerly she watched the sun, in his passage round the school-house! When at length he threw his slanting beams through the western window, she was the first to obey the joyful signal; and books, paper, pen, ink, and slate, instantly disappeared from her desk. Clara did not linger on her way home. She even passed the half-way stone with no other notice than a deep sigh. She hurried to her sister's bedside, impatient to make up for her unkindness, by every little attention. Helen was asleep. Her face was no longer pale, but flushed with a burning fever. Her little hands were hot; and as she tossed restlessly about on her pillow, she would mutter to herself, "Stop! stop!" Clara watched long, in agony, for her to awake. This she did, at last; but it brought no relief to the distressed sister and friends; for she did not know them, and continued to talk incoherently about the events of that painful morning. It was too much for Clara to bear; she returned to her lonely bed, and wept. By the first dawn of light, she was at her sister's bedside; but there was no alteration. For three days, Helen continued in this state. At the close of the third day, she gave signs of returning consciousness. She recognized her mother, and anxiously inquired for Clara. Her sister had just stepped out, and was immediately told of this. Oh, how joyful was the summons! She hastened to her sister, who, at her approach, looked up and smiled. The flush in her cheek was gone, and her face was deadly pale. Clara was entirely overcome. She could only weep. As she stooped to kiss her sister's white lips, the child threw her arms around her neck, and drew her still nearer. It was a long embrace—then her arms moved convulsively, and fell by her side. There were a few struggles—she gasped once or twice—and little Helen never breathed again.

Days, weeks, and months rolled on. Time had somewhat healed the wound, which grief for the loss of an only sister had made; but it had not power to remove from Clara's heart the memory of her unkindness. She never took her little basket of dinner to school, or passed the half-way stone, without a deep sigh, and sometimes bitter tears. Children, who are what Clara *was*, try to become what Clara now *is;* mild, amiable, obliging, and pleasant to all.

HYDROPATHY, OR THE COLD WATER CURE.

Without pretending to be a believer in this chilly system of medical operation, or without expecting ourselves ever to become a follower of the practice, we cannot refrain from presenting to our readers an article condensed from the Kentish Observer, on the mode of treatment pursued by some of the hydropathists, as derived from the originator of the system, Mr. Priessnitz, once a peasant of Grafenberg, in Silesia. An address on the subject has lately been delivered in Dover, England, by a Capt. Claridge, who, from his own sanguine description, seems to imagine that in this new system he has discovered the true elixir of life; for he says that he can see no good reason why man should not live to two hundred years of age; he brings forward what he terms evidence in favor of longevity, through the cold water medium; and he declares that it is impossible for any man to die of any acute disease, while the patient has sufficient strength left to allow of water producing its reaction in him.

Captain Claridge himself states that he was suffering severely from rheumatism, headache, and weakness of the eyes, for which he had consulted many physicians, and tried various remedies, without effect; when he was advised to try the effect of this method. For this purpose he proceeded, with his family, to Grafenberg, the residence of Mr. Priessnitz.

The course prescribed by Mr. Priessnitz, for Captain Claridge, was the following:—At about four o'clock in the morning, his servant brought a large, coarse blanket, in which he was enveloped, and which was tightly fastened round his neck, and at his feet; then, as many blankets as he could conveniently bear, were heaped upon him, and on these a bed, so as effectually to exclude the external air; in this state he remained till six o'clock. In about an hour, perspiration took place, when the doors and windows were opened, and he was instructed to drink about a pint of cold water, by means of a pipe. At six o'clock the coverings were removed, and he had his face, chest, and shins washed with cold water, to prevent his taking cold. He then descended to the bath, in a pair of straw shoes. In the bath he remained three minutes dressed, with all the windows open, and walked, drinking cold water at various places, (to the amount of about eight glasses,) until he arrived at the establishment to breakfast, which was composed of milk, butter, and brown bread, with wild strawberries, for five months in the year. Then he descended the mountain by another path, and on his way took a *douche* bath, in which the stream flowing from the mountain is collected in a pipe. This is suffered to flow first on one part of the body, then on another, and lastly on the part affected. From this he proceeded home, took a *sitz* bath—a tub with about six or nine inches of water, in which he sat for fifteen minutes; he then took a foot-bath for the same length of time, the servant rubbing his feet while they were in the water. For the weakness of his sight, he lay on the floor, upon his back, and placed the back of his head in a basin of water, for five minutes. He dined at one o'clock; at three repeated the same process, and walked until nine. For supper, he ate the same as at breakfast. His daughter, who was supposed to be consumptive, but who Mr. Priessnitz pronounced had merely outgrown her strength—being, as he expressed it, too tall for her breadth, underwent a similar process, except that to produce perspiration, she was enveloped in a wet sheet, instead of a blanket, and at night she wore a wet cloth upon her chest, and another around her body. In less than three months, she was perfectly recovered.

According to the statement of Captain Claridge, people "never say die," at Grafenberg; or, they never decease, as he expresses it, "from any acute disorder." Cold water, and a spare diet, is the prescription for longevity; and, from all accounts, the sovereign panacea, "for all the ills which flesh is heir to."

Plain people become *beauties* by the observance of this rule; and the lame are enabled by it to "rise and walk." "One young lady," says the captain, "who went to Grafenberg with scrofula in her face and neck, so bad as to render her quite an object; in nine months, she was so completely recovered, as to be considered the beauty of the room."

Another case, was that of an officer, who, in consequence of a wound, had his leg so withered that it was not thicker than his wrist. He shortly had the limb perfectly restored.

The establishment of Mr. Priessnitz is a very irregular structure, having been built at different periods; but it has one noble room, which is used for meals and assemblies. At the public table, where they sat down about three hundred persons, the captain took occasion to remark the extraordinary flow of spirits which seemed to pervade the company; so different, he says, from what any one would expect in invalids.

There are said to be an hundred establishments on the same plan now in Germany; and the number of patients who have consulted Mr. Priessnitz, from the commencement of his institution in 1829, to 1841, is upwards of seven thousand. This certainly proves the truth of those lines by Foote:

"Of all the passions that possess mankind,
The love of novelty rules most the mind."

And also of a line in Shakspeare's Henry VIII.:

"New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
——— yet are followed."
Boston Transcript.

ODDS AND ENDS.

ADVICE TO SLAVEHOLDERS.—When you go to *pray* don't go to *prey*. *Steel* your hearts against temptation, and don't *steal*.

DUTCH BULL.—"De conkrekation vil pleeshe to sing the von dousandth and two'th psalm," said the Dutch parson, as he gave out the morning hymn. "There are not so many in the book," responded the chorister. "Vel, den, pleeshe to sing so many as tare pe."

A DAMPER TO THE IMAGINATION.—A poetical kind of genius went to Westminister Abbey—the services were finished—the immense organ ceased its tone, but its dying notes were prolonged in fading echoes—he lingered long, wrapped in delicious abstraction—a stranger's hand was laid quietly upon his shoulder—"Sarvice is done—*its tuppence for them as wants to stop.*"

DULL MEN.—Helvetius says: "Among the stupid I have seen some good men, though only few in number. I have seen many *oysters*, but few that contained *pearls!*"

IMPOSSIBLE.—"Monsieur La Comte," said the secretary of Mirabeau to him one day, "the thing you require is impossible." "Impossible!" exclaimed Mirabeau, starting from his chair; "never again use that *foolish* word in my presence."

AS WISE LEGISLATION AS MUCH THAT SEEMS WISER.—The King of Cango levies his taxes in a curious way. He walks out on a morning when there is a high wind; he then puts his bonnet over one ear only, and when it is blown off by the wind, he imposes a tax upon those subjects who live in the quarter from which the wind blows.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS.

A Remedy.—A respectable citizen, who has seen the remedy alluded to tried with success, has requested the Pennsylvania Inquirer to publish the following recipe for the cure of scarlet fever. In all such cases, however, the advice of a physician should first be obtained:

"*Administer Yeast*—To an adult give two table spoonsful, and to a child of two or three years of age, one spoonful, to be taken once in two hours. By gargling the throat with yeast, when it is sore, immediate relief is afforded."

How to have a Sharp Razor.—Take a strap of thick harness leather, the size you want for a strap, and fasten it at each end upon a piece of wood; then rub upon its surface a piece of tin, (any tin dish will do,) until it is smooth. Strap your razor upon this, and you will find it worth all the patent straps that ever were invented.

Friction Paste, for Wheels.—The best composition that can be prepared, to relieve carriage wheels, and machinery from friction, is composed of hogs' lard, wheat flour, and black lead (plumbago.) The lard is to be melted over a gentle fire, and the other ingredients, equal in weight, may be added, till the composition is brought to the consistency of common paste, without raising the heat near the boiling point. One trial of this paste, will satisfy any one of its superior utility.—*American Mechanic.*

If the black lead is considered too expensive for common wagon use, great economy will be found in making a paste of common grease, by the admixture of flour, which prevents its melting and running away as soon as applied.—*Southern Planter.*

Horses Killed.—Several of the agricultural papers mention the death of horses occasioned by castor oil, and warn people against the use of it. It is said to produce violent intestinal inflammation.

Galvanic Plant and Tree Protectors.—For the benefit of our fruit cultivating subscribers, we copy from an exchange paper the following account of what seems a simple and effectual preventive against the ravages of the insect tribe:

Galvanic plant protectors have been devised in England, to protect delicate garden flowers, &c. from slugs, caterpillars, &c. A conical zinc ring, four inches high, is flanked off a quarter of an inch at the top, and cut into several vandyked points; a ring of copper is fitted immediately under. The lower end is pressed into the ground. The insect, on coming in contact with the copper, receives a shock that throws him off. There is always moisture enough present to keep the battery in action, the copper ring being within an inch and a half of the ground. It has the appearance of a flower pot inverted over the plant.

Fruit trees may easily and cheaply be protected in this way, by strips of zinc and copper properly arranged.

Our farmers must resort to some plan to protect their fruit trees, which neglect is fast destroying. In the neighborhood of this city, nothing that a farmer can produce, would pay better than select fruit; yet there is nothing to which farmers are so indifferent.—*New-York Journal of Commerce.*

Productive Farms.—Mr. Colman, in his last agricultural report, states, that from one farm in the vicinity of Boston, turnips to the amount of $1,500 have been sold in a single season; from another, $1,200 worth of winter apples; from a third, $800 worth of strawberries; from a fourth, $300 worth of peaches; and from a fifth, which has come to his knowledge, $600 worth of early potatoes, from only two acres of land.

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43 lbs. reeled by Mrs. McLanahan and suitable for sewing silk, and 20 lbs. heavy for saddlers will be sold *low for cash* or city acceptances. Apply by letter, to
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